THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at *Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio*, by the Executive Committee of the WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by BENJ. S. and J. ELIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No union with Slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an abolitionist can occupy, and as the *best* means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet and is furnished to subscribers on the following

TERMS.

$1,00 per annum, if paid on, or before the receipt of the 1st No.

$1,25 if not paid in advance, but paid within 3 mos. of the time of subscribing; and

$1,50 if payment be delayed longer than 3 mos.

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☞ We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

☞ Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, JAMES BARNABY.

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Christianity and Organic Sins.

The following extracts are from a sermon delivered by Rev. Geo. W. Perkins, at the recent Annual Meeting of the "American Missionary Association."

Christianity, war and slavery, have quietly nestled down together, lovingly protecting and aiding each other. War girds on his sword and goes out to fight for Christianity, and pours his iron storm of bullets on her enemies; Christianity returns the favor and in the form of a Chaplain, goes out with the regiments, blesses the standard, preaches to the men obedience and courage in fighting out the unjust battles of the vilest and most ambitious of men. Slavery comes and offers her gifts to Christianity, and with money dug out of the very bone and life of his thralls, helps to extend her doctrines, and with slave labor supports her Churches. Christianity in her turn comes to the plantation and preaches obedience to the oppressed—threatens with hell the refractory slave, and out of her holy book finds always some text for slavery's need. Christianity (*as preached by many*,) has been the main support of war and slavery.

But how has come about this monstrous and revolting alliance? In the beginning it was not so, for there is ample evidence that early Christians refused to serve in armies, and were in numbers put to death for refusing to be soldiers. But as Christianity was extending her conquests, her teachers tried the impossible work of serving God and Mammon. She hoped to grow the faster by temporary concession to sin, and concessions which she honestly designed to be temporary. But the sin she so unwisely girded about her was like the poisoned shirt of Nessus, which once on, could only come off with the skin and life. When for instance, the zealous monk Augustine preached Christianity to the grim old Saxon king at Winchester, half savage and half pirate, he did not *exhort* him to be a warrior, nor *wish* him to fight, and doubtless would have been glad to have war cease. But how could he preach against war to a king who gained his throne by war, and to a people who made a trade of war? So he said nothing about war, but preached the Gospel as he understood it, and with a policy near of kin to that of Jeroboam, brought the Saxons into the church with the battle axe by their side, and the skulls of their enemies at the door, that there they might be "led to renounce their sins."

And with what result? Why the people receiving Christianity with war, and hearing from their teachers no rebuke for war, incorporated war with their Christianity unquestioned like their modes of dress. Christianity as preached in England for several centuries did not tend to remove war. The Christian Englishman was just as eager for war as the pagan Saxon; in Christian England, war has always its place as a Christian profession by the side of law and agriculture. In the year 1800, after the Gospel had "worked" for 1200 years, Christianity *as preached*, had done little or nothing to abolish war in England. Nay, Christianity now turns round on those who would abolish war, and hurls the Bible at their heads, and thunders with a whole artillery of texts to prove that she sanctions war.

Now after organic sin has wrought all this havoc, what would he still have? He prays us still for a home in the Church of God, that he may corrupt and disgrace us yet longer with his foul deeds, that he may trample yet longer on the vineyard of the Lord—that he may still keep open the door of the bottomless pit, to let loose the locusts and scorpions which have ravaged the Church.

So with Slavery. The Gospel, as it is called, has been preached in the Southern States for one hundred and fifty years, and faithfully preached *as men understand that term*. That is, those dogmas or theological statements which are called the Gospel—such as the death of Christ, the atonement, faith in Christ, regeneration, &c., &c., have been as faithfully preached in South Carolina, for aught I know, as in any country. But with what results on Slavery? Not the slightest: rather during that time slavery has been creeping with silent and slimy progress nearer and nearer to the altar, has wound itself around the pillars of the communion table, seated itself in the pulpit, and has worked out for itself a nest within the covers of the Bible, and there proudly rearing up its crest, threatens with mobs here, and hell hereafter, all who attack it, instead of cowering away like a doomed thing before the light and rebuke of Christianity. That has been the result of taking organic sin into the Church. She has compelled the Bible to be her defender, as if Christianity, instead of being God's minister to bless the world, was the devil's paid agent to deceive and curse the world.

The Gospel then, may be preached for centuries, and not lead men to renounce slavery. But we have spoken of the Gospel *as preached*. I maintain, however, that in these specific cases and similar ones, the Gospel was not preached. The command, "*let the oppressed go free*," is as much a part of God's message, as that "he was bruised for our iniquities." Christ came to "preach deliverance to the captive," as well as remission of sins, and the Gospel commands justice and equality to be rendered to the slave no less than repentance in general. Not the Gospel, but a mutilated, emasculated set of dogmas *called* the Gospel, have been preached. *That* Gospel may be preached forever and "work" forever, and lead to no result but the increased insolence of sin.

One would think the experience of sixteen hundred years might have taught us some lessons, and yet in modern times, men, with a strange infatuation, after seeing the Church stifled and crushed in the folds of this anaconda, have just quietly invited this same insatiate monster into their missions.

Accordingly, the history of modern missions affords another sad illustration of the results of this temporizing policy with organic sin.

About a century ago, Schwartz proceeded to Southern India as a missionary, and labored there nearly fifty years. His success was wonderful, far exceeding even the utmost dreams of our more recent missionaries in that part of the world. The converts enumerated by him and his fellow-laborers, were counted by *tens of thousands*. But he met that organic sin, the curse of all India—*caste*—the fruitful mother of pride, hate and all uncharitableness. Schwartz thought the evil too great and deeply rooted to be at once assailed, and its abandonment made the indispensable condition of Church membership. We are told by his admiring biographer, that he "so treated this difficult and *delicate* point, that the distinctions of caste were gradually disappearing, and would *probably*, in time, have been entirely forgotten." So dreamed the good man as he admitted caste into the Church, "that men might be *led* to renounce it."

But with what result, after the Gospel has "*worked*" for a hundred years? Why, caste and Christianity took root together—as parts of one system: and became so interlaced that no human power could uproot the sin, without tearing in pieces the Church. When "the Bishop of Calcutta felt it to be his duty to take some decisive measures to abolish the distinctions of caste, among the converts to christianity (at the end of a century) the evil had increased to a magnitude not contemplated by Schwartz." When they were reminded of the duty of rejecting caste, these Christians rejected the proposition with scorn, spurned the authority of the Bishop, and were determined to retain caste, whatever became of their church or their ministers. The record of the tumultous and disgraceful scenes which took place in Southern India, when churches a century old were to be "*led* to renounce" caste, is an instructive commentary on the right mode of dealing with organic sin. The sin, instead of being worked off, had bred in these churches a universal gangrene.

The American missionaries in India and elsewhere pursued substantially the same course. They carefully strained out the gnat of *tobacco chewing*, made *that* a ground of exclusion from the Church, but swallowed down *caste* and slavery, those monster sins which engender and protect a brood of other sins. In some of their churches at least, caste was tolerated in the benevolent hope that these supposed converts would be led quietly and gradually to renounce this vital root or seed of heathenism. They waited many years for the Gospel to "*work*." But caste had no more intention of leaving the Church than of departing from the temple.—This serpent egg which they had handled so tenderly and kept warm, began to hatch out its brood of hateful reptiles. The missionaries at length finding that the Gospel did not "*work*" till it was *fully* preached and *applied*, began to get the Gospel to do its appropriate work *by applying it*. The consequence was just what the experience of fifteen centuries might have led them to expect. *Caste would not be cast out*. And at one mission station alone, *seventy* church members were excommunicated, as preferring caste to Christ.

In short, all experience shows that it is far more difficult to *cast out* organic sin after it is rooted in the Church, than *to keep it out*, from the first. This process of extermination by Church discipline only rends the Church into fragments, while harmony would not have been at all affected by its exclusion at first.

With similar results has the organic sin of slavery been admitted into the mission churches among the Choctaw Indians. The well meaning men who took this step did not like slavery, and would have been pleased to see it disappear. But they had heard of Schwartz and the Moravians, and the slaveholder seemed penitent, and they were anxious for converts; so instead of taking the firm ground which would probably have kept out some slaveholders altogether, and have delayed the admission of others for a few weeks, they unbarred the door. The wolf came in. They preached the Gospel to this wolf, i. e. they told him that Christ died for him;—that he must trust in Christ alone for salvation;—that he must not *cruelly* devour the sheep. All this the wolf gladly heard and cordially received. Christianity and the wolf most lovingly lay down together in the same fold: the wolf, neither rebuked nor vexed, hid his claws and teeth. But by and by Christianity hinted to the wolf that it was time not only to *believe*, but to practice the Gospel. But his growl and teeth show that it must now come to the question whether Christianity or the wolf shall have possession of the Church.

Or to drop the figure—the patrons of these mission churches think it time that the Gospel should do its appropriate "work" on slavery, and have hinted to these heathen converts that they must now *begin*, after the lapse of thirty years, to *apply* the Gospel.—These Churches at once rebel and refuse—maintain that they are acting in accordance with apostolic practice—that the apostles never insisted on emancipation, and insolently add that the Board has changed, and were compelled to, by the fanaticism of the North. The poor heathen converts, instead of being led to *renounce* slavery, have only learned the characteristic arrogance of slaveholders and insult the Creature; and intend, instead of parting with slavery, to part with the Board, and force out of the nation all teachers who will not go for slavery.

Still more revolting has been the "working of the Gospel" among the Moravian Missions in the Danish West India Islands. I visited several of their stations in the winter of 1838—9. They also, with the simplicity characteristic of the early missionaries of that sect, had preached the Gospel in its technical sense—but a Gospel stripped of its authority as law, and made little else than a mere system of excited sentimentalism.—There were *two* organic sins prevailing among their converts, *slavery and concubinage*, which came into the Church to be there reformed. But the leprosy had so corrupted the Church, that to my horror and surprise, I found that slavery was not only in the Church, but that the mission was actually *supported by slavery*—that the mission *owned* slaves, compelled them to work, and *thus* paid the salaries of the missionaries. Even worse than that—concubinage was the rule, and marriage the exception, among the Church members! When I expressed my astonishment to one of the missionaries, he very carelessly replied, "Oh, they do not like to be confined by marriage." Thus had the Church become a den of unclean things, resting on the foundation of organic sin.

Such has been the result of the policy we oppose. It has *not* prepared the master to break the bonds of the slave, nor the proud Brahmin fraternally to embrace the man of low caste. It has rivetted the fetters of the slave, confirmed the prejudices of caste, and filled the Church with sin.

With these facts before us, we have felt constrained to expostulate often and strongly with those who control the great missionary operations of the day. Having done so in vain, we have aimed, not in the spirit of rivalry, but in obedience to a stern sense of duty, to institute missions on different principles. We know that our expostulations are met with the alleged claim that *success* has indicated the blessing of God on this questionable course of policy. But what *is* success? Mere accessions of members? Then Papists have pre-eminently the blessing of God on their missions. In Singapore, for instance, where large and well manned Protestant Missions from England and America have labored and then abandoned the field—one Romish priest has collected a large band of converts. If the establishment of mission churches, whose members tenaciously adhere to slavery, and resent all attempts to teach them a true and full Gospel constitute success, then some missionary societies are successful: if converts preferring caste to Christianity indicate success, then the blessing can be easily obtained. Such success we do not seek, for it must result in ruin to souls, and disaster to us.

Organic sins, like boastful Goliaths, have stood up in the missionaries' path, and have defied the living God, denying the power of God to release their victims, and condescendingly allowing the man of God to go on in his Master's work, if he, organic sin, should be untouched—or rather petted and propitiated by the sacrifice of truth, and by reception into the Church. This Goliath comes into the camp of Israel, not to obey and worship the true God, but to corrupt and tyrannize. We mean, in David's faith to meet the monster, and to lay the axe of God's reforming truth on his mailed body, and build the Church, not by his permission, but standing on his prostrate carcase. We believe it easier to *keep* him out of the Church, than to cast him out after he has gained firm foothold and with his strong arms bound himself to the very horns of the altar.

I will only add as a remark, that we may see "*How the Gospel is to work.*" Much is said of this "*working out*" of the principles of the Gospel; which has little meaning, or a wrong meaning. One might suppose that the Bible was a bottle of yeast, which was to be thrown in to some great dead sea of mind, and there was to operate mechanically in throwing off the scum and filth. But what is the Gospel? A set of dogmas? It is all which the Bible contains, both of *theology and precepts*. How is it to work? By being crippled, and one half its truth cut out? No, but by being *expounded* and *applied* by faithful men.

The Gospel can be expected to work only where the Gospel is preached. "Let the oppressed go free," is part of the Gospel.—Christ, and of course his ministers, were to "preach deliverance to the captive." Let these be kept back, and the Gospel is not preached. Of course the Gospel cannot work, or can work but feebly and imperfectly: and so feebly, as our previous statements show, that it and sin will grow up in mutual friendship and support. Let it be preached, and preached in all its application, to all sin, to organic sin, and to all the developements and forms which sin assumes in various states of society, then it will work as a true antagonism to sin, and its great Author will work in it and with it.

Illinois and the Ordinance of 1787.

A friend presented us yesterday with a pamphlet, containing a lecture on the early history of the State of Illinois, delivered before the Chicago Lyceum, in December 1840, by William H. Brown, Esq., from which we make the following extract:

"This audience is well aware, that by the Ordinance of 1787, slavery was excluded from the territory out of which this State was formed. But long before the passage of this Ordinance, slavery had been introduced into Illinois by the French inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley, and did of course exist when the Ordinance of '87 became the organic law of the N. W. Territory. During the existence of the Illinois territorial government, a law had been passed by the Legislature, known as the Indenturing Law, by which a kind of *quasi* slavery had been legalized. By this act, a slaveholder in Kentucky or elsewhere, could bring his slaves into the territory, taking them within a certain time before the Clerk of the Circuit Court; here the slaves by their own free will and accord, *as was presumed*, consented to serve their late masters 70, 80, or 90 years, taking especial care to add such a number of years as would cover the life of the indented person. The children of the indentured servants, were to be registered upon their birth in the County Court Clerk's Office, and were called "registered servants," to be free, the males at 33, and the females at 27 years old. The descendants of the registered servants to be free at 21 and 17 years old. Thus it will be perceived, that the subject of slavery, in all its varieties, as it then existed, was calculated to awaken a deep interest, when it was supposed that, by acts of the convention, it was to be upheld or wholly swept away. Its advocates were anxious to insert in the constitution a saving clause, by which their supposed rights would be confirmed—while the ultras of the opposite party were ready to overturn the whole fabric. The convention took a middle course, leaving the right to the French slavers and their descendants to be adjudicated by the courts of the country and declaring that those who had been bound to service by indenture or contract, in conformity with the territorial law, without fraud or collusion, should be held to a specific performance of their contract—and also that those who had been registered, should serve out the time appointed by the law. The anti-slavery men were contented with the saving clause contained in the words "without fraud or collision," as they contended that in all cases of indentured servants there was both the one and the other. To a great extent they were no doubt correct—for cases were not uncommon where the unfortunate servant before going to the Clerk's office, was whipped into a proper state of mind, "freely and voluntarily," to enter into contract with his master. But in all cases it was well understood, that if this consent was not given, the slave would be immediately removed to a slaveholding State, to remain in bondage in the hands of some one perhaps less kind than his present possessor."

So far as Illinois was concerned, the Ordinance of 1787 was an abolition measure, because slavery did exist in that territory when the Ordinance was adopted. We do not quote the above extract however, for the purpose of establishing, by the acts of early statesmen of the republic, the complete and exclusive control of Congress over the territories, because we consider that question settled, but with the view of showing that the general tendency, in new territories, is favorable to slavery, and that nothing but a positive prohibition will exclude that institution from new and sparsely settled regions. Notwithstanding the Ordinance of 1787, positively prohibiting slavery in the north-western territory, of which Illinois was a part, slave-holders evaded the law, and slavery virtually existed in Illinois territory long after the passage of the Ordinance.

The soil and climate of Illinois, are not so well adapted to slave labor as are the soil and climate of New Mexico and California. Yet nothing short of a positive prohibition prevented slavery from being planted forever in that territory. This fact alone will serve to show the absolute necessity of immediately excluding, by legislative enactments, that institution from the territories acquired from Mexico, if we would not have them the eternal abode of human slavery. If it required the Ordinance of 1787 to keep Illinois free, a similar measure will surely be required for New Mexico and California. To be passive—to decline to legislate for fear of offending the South, is to prostitute those free fields to the abhorred uses of two hundred thousand slave-holders.

From the Free Press (Ill).

The Condition of Slaves.

We stumbled, the other day, upon a decision recently made in South Carolina, and cannot resist the desire to let our readers have a specimen of the condition of the black man at the South, who is said to be so much 'better off' than the 'free niggers' at the North. The plaintiff, (a woman,) sued for the recovery of $100, which had been placed in the defendant's hands by her slave, William, towards the purchase of his two children. As is to some extent the custom in Southern cities, William was permitted to find employment and earn what he could, on condition of paying his mistress a certain sum monthly. Stimulated to extraordinary efforts by the hope of giving his children that freedom which he was not permitted to enjoy, he had saved this $100. His mistress, (a woman with a tiger's heart,) hearing of this, claimed the $100 on the ground that William's entire earnings were hers, he being her slave, and that she was not bound to regard her agreement with him. The Recorder of Charleston, to his credit, charged the jury in favor of the defendant, but the jury decided in favor of the plaintiff. The case being appealed to the higher court, the judge sustained the action of the jury. The following is the decision of Judge Wardlaw:

"This verdict may have been found upon the conclusion of the jury, formed from the evidence, that the defendant had not acted in good faith; but even upon a contrary supposition, this Court thinks it must stand. The promises of a master to a slave, are binding only in *conscience* (!) *and honor*; at law, notwithstanding any such promise, that the slave shall have certain acquisitions, all the acquisitions of the slave in possession, are the property of the master. A dealing or trafficing with the slave concerning such acquisitions, without the license of the master, is as much contrary to our statutory regulations, as other unlicensed dealings with a slave. Sometimes an executed contract with a slave might transfer a title to a third person, upon the ground of the master's implied consent; but an executory agreement with a slave (not the agent of the master then in,) can give no right of action, either to the slave or master.—*Eddie ex. Bowen & Neal's Adm. ors. Carmine vs. Carmille*, 2 *McM.*, 454. Then the $100 in William's possession belonged to the plaintiff; the defendent violated the law in receiving it from him under a bargain; or, to say the least, acted with great imprudence in resting his justification for dealing with the slave to such an amount, when the owner was near, upon the implied permission of the owner, and not obtaining express license. Such assent of the plaintiff as would make William her agent, cannot be presumed against the plaintiff; and the defendant must refund the $100, as money received in an unlawful transaction, wherein the plaintiff did not participate—or as money received upon consideration of an agreement which the law regards as worthless."

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.—Last Friday this body of young disciples of tee-totalism made a grand parade in our city. Their numbers were large, and the children and the spectators seemed equally delighted and satisfied with their appearance. It was truly a pleasant sight to witness such a cold-water army in their early childhood and youth, proclaiming their vow of eternal hostility to alcohol, and fidelity to "pure cold water," and spite of objections to their peculiar organization, it must have gladdened the heart of every hopeful worker of humanity who looked upon it. It is a promise of a better generation to come, and of course of more hope for every righteous and merciful reform in their hands. The temperance cause is the lawful and inspired forerunner of the great improvement for freedom and human rights in the present age. Like the Baptism of old, it comes with its gospel of water, to "prepare the way" for the advent of a mightier Savior, and, as then, the new Messiah accepts from the hand of its forerunner the baptism preparative to its own mission.

The harmony of its celebration was marred by one incident, which was an exhibition both of a mean and cowardly spirit of prejudice, on the part of certain musical bands employed, and a firm and resolute virtue in some of the young cadets. One of the Divisions had employed Anderson's band of colored musicians to play for them; but just as the procession had formed, and was ready to move, a message was sent to Mr. Mullen, the chief marshal, from the white bands, refusing to march unless the colored band was excluded. All remonstrance was in vain. These white miscreants knew that it was too late to supply other musicians for the parade, and thought that they would, in consequence, compel submission to their odious demand, but they found that children can carry manly hearts. When informed that their musicians must leave the procession at the dictate of the negro-haters, the Division at once resolved that they would leave it too, and throughout the parade they marched separate from the main procession, preferring principle to union.

The negro-haters overshot their mark this time, as often before, for the come-outer Division, by its brave act, and more especially by its appearance and superior music, was the great attraction of the parade. All honor to the brave boys of the Star Division of Cadets.—*Pa. Freeman.*

Since the first appearance of the Cholera in Egypt 20,000 people had died of it. At Smyrna, at the latest dates, (August 29th) the deaths were 100 per day.

Slave Representation.

It is strictly correct to say, that the slaveholders cast, in effect, three votes for every five slaves which they hold; that is, the vote of a Southerner who owns five slaves, goes as far in the election of a member of Congress as the ballots cast by four Northern men. This statement does not mean that he deposites four ballots in the box, nor that his one ballot is counted as four on the tally list; but that in apportioning the Congressional representation of the Union, five slaves are counted as three freemen, and the citizens of the slave States have the advantage of this addition to their own number in the apportionment of the members of Congress to them.

South Carolina, with only five or six thousand more free white inhabitants than Philadelphia city and county in 1840, would have been entitled to only the same number of Congressmen; but by the addition of the three-fifths of her slaves to the number of her free people, she took seven members instead of four. And so enjoys the advantage of three Congressmen over and above the equal free population of our own four districts. The Southern slaveholder has no advantage at the ballot-box over the Southern non-slaveholder, but he has it against the Northern freeman. Altogether, this three-fifths rule gives the fifteen slave States twenty-one members of the lower House, and as many votes in the election of President and Vice President, for which the North has no equivalent or compensation. They have twenty-one members who represent property merely; the North has no representation of her property, but only of her people. These twenty-one votes are enough to decide almost any question which greatly concerns the welfare of the country.—*Daily Republic.*

RECOVERED LAKE.—A singular accident occurred on the Michigan Central Railway. It became necessary to carry a grading or embankment of fifteen feet high, across a low piece of ground containing about 100 acres nearly dry enough for plow land. When they had progressed with the grading for some distance, it became too heavy for the soil to support; the crust of the earth broke in, and the embankment sunk down into seventy-nine feet of water! It appears that the piece of ground had been a Lake, but had collected a soil of roots, peat, muck, &c., on its surface, apparently from ten to fifteen feet thick, which had become hardened and dry enough for farm purposes. Mr. Brooks, the engineer, thought it would have supported an embankment of five feet thickness, and that if it had not been necessary for them to have had one much heavier, it would have supported the road, and the fact might never have been discovered that it rested on the bosom of a lake.

EXTRAORDINARY INVENTIONS.—Among the articles of merit at the Annual Fair of the American Institute, the New York Express notices flour mills, not much larger than the crown of a man's hat, which will grind sixty bushels of wheat per day, into first rate flour; they can be purchased for $150, complete, with bolting apparatus. There were corn mills on exhibition, which do their work admirably, with nearly the same expedition, and costing even less. There were eight important machines for the manufacture of cotton and woollen cloths, which may be said to advance such machinery in the series of machines by which cloth is now made, to enable the manufacturer to reduce the cloth several mills per yard; should a corresponding number of improvements annually appear at our Fairs for the next ten years, a yard of good unbleached shirting will be made for one cent per yard.

A PLAIN TRUTH PLAINLY SPOKEN.—A writer of the present day says there never was a time since the completion of the pyramids, when such a clamor was abroad, as now, for the right to work; and there never was a generation, since the invention of easy chairs and gloves, that tried so hard to shirk it.—People want to have their hands employed, 'tis true, but in climbing, not in labor. Their endeavor is not to get their living out of the ground, but out of one another, like ants and spiders.

CRANBERRIES A CURE FOR CANCER.—The Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Observer, says:

We have seen it stated more than once, that the common cranberry was efficacious in the cure of cancer; but we have never, until very recently, been an eye witness to the fact. Mr. Middleton Belk, residing within four or five miles of this city, who was afflicted with a cancer on the nose, for the last eight years, was induced to try cranberries, applied as a poultice; and to his great joy and satisfaction, has experienced a perfect and radical cure.

EXTENSIVE SURGICAL OPERATION.—A painful operation was performed on Wednesday last, by Dr. Atlee, on a patient of Dr. Senderling, residing in Kensington, an adult, named Valentine Dedaken. The operation consisted of removing the entire side of the upper jaw, a small portion of the malar bone was left, sufficient for the support of the eye. The operation was performed in less than ten minutes, and in the presence of ten of our first surgeons, and was borne throughout by the patient without uttering a groan. He is doing well, and is entirely out of danger.—*Phila. News.*

TREASURE TROVE.—A person in England, lately rumaging among his family documents, found written on the back of an old deed, some words indicating that a pot of gold was buried in a certain place in the garden. It was at first regarded as a hoax, but, on digging up the spot, an iron pot came to light, containing 15,000 guineas, and a scrap of parchment, much decayed, on which was written, "The devil shall have it sooner than Cromwell."

WOODEN GUNPOWDER.—From sundry recent experiments, the fact is established that fine saw-dust or rasped wood, steeped in a mixture of concentrated sulphuric and nitric acids, and afterwards washed and dried, will explode similar to common gunpowder, and, if rightly managed, with much greater force. The greatest wonder about it is, that the fact had not been discovered earlier.

The Rev. Theodore Parker stated in his sermon on Sunday, that there was a court in Boston which contained sixteen tenements, each of which contained several families;—and that, of the children born in this court, *one-half* were born blind, and the eyes of the other half were more or less defective!

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

Laborers Wanted---An Appeal.

The sphere of our labor is widening. The absorbing excitement of a presidential election, which has hitherto diverted attention from the question of slavery, is now directing it to that subject. The electioneering campaign which has just closed, great and numerous as have been its evils, has not been without its good. It has helped to make slavery the great question of political discussion, to awaken inquiries as to it's character and its evils in thousands of minds before indifferent to it. It has drawn forth strong condemnations of the system, and eloquent exposures of its consequences, from men before silent upon it, or open apologists for its continuance. It has helped to prepare men to hear still more of the facts of slavery and our relation and duty to it, and thereby open new fields for our tillage.

We have been gratified at the many recent evidences we have had that the masses of the people are fast becoming willing and desirous to hear anti-slavery truth, and of the impressibility of these multitudes by anti-slavery appeals, and this too under unfavorable circumstances. After the presidential contest is over—its results decided, and its turmoil ended, this question is not to lose its importance, but to increase in interest. It will rest more entirely on its own merits, and the discussion upon it will become more one of fact and principle. The system of slavery must come, disconnected from other questions, and from personal character, before the bar of public opinion for trial, and be subjected to a searching investigation. The great panel is now being drawn, of the jury which must give a verdict upon it. They will hear with more calmness and less prejudice than formerly, and consequently truth, when once given to them, will work more effectually in their minds and hearts.

The need of information and the readiness of the people to receive it are admitted.—That facts and arguments exist accessible to every one who will search for them, is also true. In the face of angry opposition and through a thousand discouragements, the abolitionists have labored for years, bringing to light the secrets of the slave system, gathering proofs of the operations of slavery upon the interests of labor and political economy; upon morality and religion, and the general welfare of the nation and people at large. They have vindicated the rights of labor, the claims of the poor and ignorant and degraded, the principles of equality and human brotherhood, and the dignity of man; they have exhibited the practical character of Christianity, the heroic and reformatory example of its Great Teacher, and the superior excellence of this Religion of Life, over that of a dead faith and form. New revelations of principle or new applications of long known truths, have been made by their exertions. They have thus prepared the way for a more general and more effective "revival" of Liberty and Love than this land has ever yet witnessed. They have wrought out the arrows for the reformers who shall follow them;—they have furnished a magazine of facts and arguments for others to draw upon. This vast treasure is increasing with our increasing experience, for every day either adds a new incident, illustration or argument to all the previous stock. To change the figure: here is a granary of wheat seeds which must be scattered into the minds of the people. That soil is ready to receive its seed, and it lies waiting to be sown: all that is wanting now is that sowers shall go forth to scatter it.

This is not the duty of the public lecturer and the editor alone. Every man has a portion of the great moral field to plant and till; but how few have hitherto laid their hands to the work. What a vast portion of the field has run to waste for want of laborers! Thousands of the people are now arrayed against us, and give their influence to hinder and discourage our cause, or withhold their aid from it, who belong with us by identity of aims and principles, and sympathy of feeling; the reason is, they are ignorant or misinformed of our movement. Half blindly or quite unconsciously they are giving their influence to support slavery. Other thousands rest at ease in a selfish indifference, or waste their energies and time in mere pleasures or a struggle for power and fame, who might be awakened to higher aims and nobler objects, by the appeal of timely words and a good example. Shall those words and that example be given them? The welfare of the race and the cause of Truth and Justice demand it. If Jesus could say, "the fields are white unto the harvest, but the laborers are few," with how much more force may it now be said?

Reader, are you a worker in this holy enterprize? Are you improving every opportunity which offers and seeking new ones to speak and act for this cause? Are you careful, by studying the subject and keeping your mind informed of all its many aspects and its progress, and the facts and arguments which bear upon it, and by maintaining in a worthy and consistent example to see to it that every word you speak and every blow you strike, shall fall with its full weight upon the heart of the hearer? It is not enough that you feel aright, that your heart longs for the triumph of freedom, important as that is; but to dispel ignorance, to defeat sophistry, and enlighten sincere inquirers, *intelligence* is necessary. While the uninformed abolitionist may do something, and ought not to excuse himself on the ground of his ignorance, he is comparatively powerless. He stands alone against a host; when he might summon powerful allies to his aid—aye, those which are waiting for his call to spring forward to support him. There are thousands of incidents and historical facts ready for use at his hand, and a multitude of thoughts would they breed and bring forth to aid their work. These are the "legions of angels" which the intelligent and thoughtful reformer may summon to his support against the strong array of the powers of evil.

But the reformer needs more than intelligence; he must have *devotion*, the inspiring faith and love which shall give warm life to his thoughts; which shall melt a way through icy indifference and long accumulated prejudice, into the heart of his hearer, which shall send through his tones, his glance and his action, an influence too subtle for words, as invisible and potent as the electric current. His daily life, his position towards slavery and its accessaries will be a constant sermon read and felt of those around him, reaching where the uttered word could never reach, and giving added power to every spoken message.

If we have a living faith in our principles,—are bold in their defence, and watchful for the fit time to speak and act, and ever on the alert that our foes gain no advantage over us, we may go on with as calm and full a confidence of success, as though an angel from heaven had predicted our triumph. It cannot be immediate; we need patience, for old and wide-spread evils are not hastily eradicated from society. Their roots have become entwined among the very fibres of our institutions and customs, and it is a long, perhaps a wearying labor, to pursue them through all their windings, and separate the evil from the good, that *this* may be preserved while *that* is destroyed; but it can be done, and the operation is now going on in society.

Again, we say, our cause needs laborers, in every condition of life, and in every class of society. There is a place for every man to work. There is room for every peculiarity of talent and genius to find full scope and action. The little child and the gray-haired sage, the humblest worker and loftiest genius, may engage in it. Strength and refinement, caution and fervor, thought and imagination, are all needed. Here is a conflict in which the *hero* may bless the world, and prove himself a conqueror and a friend.

This cause is giving to its friends and supporters the moral discipline which they need. Are they naturally timid? It calls forth latent strength and courage. Are they inclined to selfishness and a love of ease and pleasure? It calls them to self-denial and devotion to human welfare. It prompts them to energy and activity. Are they tempted to prefer policy to principle, immediate advantage to absolute right? It proves the superiority of right and truth to a low expediency. It exalts God's law above all human compacts, and teaches, to those who truly understand its message, reliance on the divine love, wisdom and power, and a constant communion with the infinite Spirit of Life. Are they hasty and impatient of delay? It teaches them to work and wait, to hope on and hope ever; to look to the coming time for their success and reward.

Our ranks are thinning off by death. One after another of "the fearless-faithful and the humbly good," are taken from us. Some have grown weary, or yielded to alluring temptations, and deserted the cause, or declined in their zeal and activity. Their labors must be continued, and those gaps must be filled. It can be done in part by our increased devotion of time, money and effort to the cause; but other accessions of strength from beyond our ranks we ought to have, and we can have. Let every abolitionist set himself about bringing in new workers, who shall emulate the fidelity of those who have risen from earth. Let every man who would bless the world, or fulfil his duty, come up to our help. Come, brothers, gird yourselves to the work before you. Give yourselves heartily to the great labor for human rights and human developement!

From the North Star.

William Smith O'Brien

The recent trial, conviction and sentence of death passed upon this most unhappy man, for the crime of high treason, in Ireland, has afforded another of those opportunities always eagerly embraced by the American press and people, to vaunt the moral superiority, larger liberty, greater humanity and higher civilization of the United State, and to denounce, in the most bitter and unsparing manner, what we are pleased to term the savage barbarity of "foul and bloody Old England."—Such an opportunity as this cannot fail to be used very extensively. It will serve to keep up a vivid impression of our own excellence as a people, as well as to increase that always profitable *material*, so useful to political demagogues—*hatred of England*. This commodity would in all probability become extinct in time, but for the occurrence of such cases as those of Mitchell, McManus and O'Brien. It is doubtless desirable for a nation like ours, drunk on the blood of three million slaves, to forget our own revolting crimes in contemplating the crimes of others. "Misery loves company," and it may not always be proper to deny them the poor consolation they derive from it. But we cannot think it just at this time to allow that part of the American mind within our reach to rest in the iniquitous repose which results from the common assertion that England, with all her boasted benevolence and philanthropy, is more cruel than America. While the American mind is so alive to injustice—so shocked by barbarous cruelty, and is devoutly thanking the most high God that Christian America is not like unto that hoary old transgressor across the water, it seems in a prepared and suitable state to consider properly certain important and instructive facts connected with our national history. It may be far more pleasant, but it can never be more wise, to forget our own sins by remembering the sins of others. It is hardly necessary to say, that we have no desire to lessen in any mind a just and proper estimate of the character and institutions of this country, or to allay the feeling of horror with which this dreadful sentence has thrilled all minds.—Those sentiments are natural, and when rightly directed, must always be attended with happy results. Our pretensions, however, to freedom and humanity over England have about the same foundation as the superiority claimed in the temple by the self-righteous Pharisee over the publican. Let us look at home, and see if we are in a condition to pull the mote out of our brother's eye—let us see if we are in a condition to first cast a stone at her.

"Shall we scoff at Europe's Kings,
While freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shades of slavery's curse?"

It is said that this last act of British injustice, fills to the brim the cup of her abominations—that she has shocked the moral sense, outraged the humanity, and disgraced the civilization of the nineteenth century—that a verdict more unjust, and a sentence more cruel, was never presented to the consideration of mankind—that its execution will cause indignation, mingled with intense horror, to flash like lightning around our land. That this will be the case, we have no doubt. The patriotism, heorism and martyrdom of Mitchell, McManus and O'Brien, will long continue the burning theme of American orators and authors. The salt tear of American sympathy must often start from its saddened fountain, as the names of these brave men are mentioned. Deep, loud and long will be the curses pronounced against proud, bloody and tyrannical England. In the names of Mitchell, McManus and O'Brien, American mothers will teach their children to hate blood-thirsty England. Probabilities and consequences of this character are too grave to be passed over lightly, or disposed of hastily. Let us consider of these. Let us first examine the cause of the sentence passed upon Mitchell, and the dreadful fate to which O'Brien and McManus are doomed, and in the light of our present position and past history, ascertain if we are the people to denounce England as a sinner above ourselves.

The crimes of these men are the highest known to human law, involving the subversion of the whole frame-work of human government, and filling the land with all the awful horrors of civil war. They could only expect to gain their object by causing the land to smoke with the warm blood of slaughtered thousands. It appeared to be the purpose of these men to beget in the minds of their fellow-countrymen the highest contempt and most reckless disregard of human life.—It is also true that these men were sane, intelligent beings. Mitchell was an educated man; so was Smith O'Brien. The latter was also a law-maker. They well understood the nature of the solemn game which they undertook to play, and the amount of the stake to be lost or won. They have played—they have lost, and must pay the forfeiture. They have "sown the wind, and are reaping the whirlwind." They have been pierced by their own swords, and consumed by a fire of their own kindling.

We may lament over their misfortune, bewail their sad lot, and mourn over their terrible doom; and it may be proper to do so.—But can any American say that the treatment of these men would have been better had they attempted against the American government what they attempted against the British throne? There is not the slightest reason to suppose it would. Our government, like that of England, is based on the sword for its existence, and is no more mereiful or less cruel than the British government. Governments are governments the world over. Whether they are called monarchies, aristocracies, autocracies, or democracies, they are always the same bloody and remorseless monsters, everywhere their authority is disputed by force.

It may be, and doubtless is, a great outrage against humanity to hang Smith O'Brien by the neck until he is dead, and then to sever his head from his body, and to divide his body into four quarters, and leave it to the disposal of the Queen. But is this worse or more revolting on the part of England, than it was for America to cause Nathaniel Turner, the hero of the Southampton insurrection, to walk barefoot on a train of living fire forty feet long, and at the end of it to riddle his body with a hundred bullets? Is it worse for England to transport Mitchell for fourteen years, than it is for us to imprison Drayton for twenty?—the former plotting a bloody revolution, and the latter merely, by peaceable means, removing seventy-seven human beings from a land of slavery to a land of liberty. Is it worse for England to hang McManus, after a fair trial, than it was for America to burn the noble McIntosh, in Missouri, without judge or jury? And shall a people who looked on that horrid scene with composure and indifference, now effect horror and hatred of England, because of her revolting crimes? William Smith O'Brien attempted to achieve for his country *political* freedom. In the language of Thomas Jefferson, Nathaniel Turner attempted to redress wrongs worse than ages of that which Americans rose in rebellion to oppose. Until the prison doors at Washington shall be opened for the release of Drayton, and we atone for Torrey, and have struck the chains from millions in our land, we may hold our peace respecting the cruelty of England.—F. D.

Meagher's Speech.

The European Times of the 28th says:—We understand that the authorities at Dublin are in possession of a plot entered into by some foolish visionaries to rescue Charles Gavin Duffy out of Newgate, either before or after his trial. Such precautions have been taken as would totally defeat this absurd attempt if made.

The special commission at Clonmel has closed its deeply melancholy labors. Mr. W. Smith O'Brien, Mr. McManus, Mr. O'Donoghue, and Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher, have now been severally found guilty, and, by the sentence of the judges of the land, await in prison punishment for their violation of the law. It is impossible to read the final speeches of Mr. Manus, O'Donoghue, and Meagher, especially of the latter, without being struck with the lofty heroism which has evidently been their ruling passion. Mr. Meagher at the close of his trial said:

"It is my intention to say a few words, I desire that the last act of a proceeding, which has occupied so much of the public time should be of short duration, nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a state prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear, that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might indeed avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of these sentiments and that conduct, in a light, I think, far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them; and perhaps the sentence, you my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever may be the language in which that sentence will be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made for what I conceived to be a just and noble cause I ascribe no vain importance; nor do I claim for them any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever so happen, that they who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak their efforts may have been are sure to receive the thanks and blessing of its people. With the country, then, I leave my memory, my sentiments, my acts, proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I was indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment against them; influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they perhaps, could have returned no other verdict.

What of that charge? Any strong observations upon it I sincerely feel would ill benefit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord—you who preside upon that bench—when the prejudices and passions of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and ask of it—was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown? My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perchance it may seal my fate, but I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing that I have ever done—to retract nothing that I have ever said. I am not here to crave, with lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it. Even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their footprints in the dust—here, in this spot, where the shadow of death surrounds me, and from which I see an early grave in an unanointed soil open to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, that hope which beckoned me to the perilous sea on which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, and enraptures me. No! I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can now do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity instead of what she is—the meanest begger in the world—to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death. But the history of Ireland explains my crime and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal—(and turning round towards his fellow-prisoner, McManus,)—you are no criminal—(and to O'Donohue)—you are no criminal, and we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the reason of which I have been convicted, loses all its guilt—is sanctified as a duty—will be ennobled as a sacrifice.—With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I feel to be my duty—having spoken now, as I did on every occasion during my short life what I felt to be the truth. I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion and my death—that country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies—whose factions I sought to still—whose intellect I prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a pledge of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought, and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart; and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearment's of a happy and an honorable home. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs, and I trust I will be prepared to hear it, and meet its execution. I trust too, that I shall be prepared with a pure heart to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a judge of infinite goodness, as well as of infinite justice, will preside; and where my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed."

The conclusion of this address was received with murmurs of applause.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Bible, if opposed to Self-Evident Truth, is a self-evident Falsehood.

MARLBORO, November 12th, 1848.

To the Editors of the Bugle.

DEAR FRIENDS:—In the Bugle of the 10th is a note addressed to me from James Westfall, inquiring of me my views of the "nature of God and the teachings of the Bible in reference to Slavery and War." In most of the meetings held in this State the past season, by C. C. Burleigh and myself, a resolution embodying the above sentiment has been offered, discussed and passed, generally without much opposition among abolitionists. There has been opposition, deep and strong, among those who say we have no knowledge of the being and attributes of God, nor of the relations, obligations and rights of man, nor of any distinctions between right and wrong, except through the Bible; and who think MAN IS MADE FOR THE BIBLE, AND NOT THE BIBLE FOR MAN.

In answer to the inquiry, I would say, I believe that God is Love, God is Justice, God is unchangeable; and whatever is *now* opposed to the Divine nature, always was and always must be opposed to it. The question may arise, How I know that such is the nature of God? I shall not argue the question here, whether God is just, benevolent and unchangeable; nor shall I attempt to show the foundation of my belief in the existence of such a Being; but will just say, I do believe in the existence of such a Being, and worship Him as my God, who made me, and to whom I am responsible. I will also say, that I can no more doubt the existence of such a Being than I can doubt my own existence as a human being. In both cases my faith seems to be based upon the same testimony, i. e. that of my own soul. Certain I am, my belief in the existence of God has no connection with the Bible.

I know Slavery is opposed to the nature of that Being whom I call God, and whom I worship as such. A being that authorizes man to make merchandize of man, no matter what he is called, and by whom he is worshipped, is to me a Devil. The pro-slavery priests, churches and politicians of this nation of slave-breeders and slave-traders, may call him God, their Almighty Father, and they may pray to him as a God, but, in my opinion, no tribe nor nation of men, not even the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Hindoos or the Cannibals, ever had grosser or more monstrous ideas of God than have the churches and clergy of this land, who hold, as all slaveholders and their apologists do, that He is an Almighty slave-trader and slave-driver. The being whom slaveholders and their apologists worship as God, and who, they say, moves them to hold slaves and deal in human chattels, cannot be surpassed in fiendish malignity, injustice, pollution and crime, by any being worshipped as God by any tribe of savages or heathen. Their Gods never incite them to baser outrages upon Justice and Humanity than those to which slaveholders and their allies are instigated by their Divinity. And these profess to get their God from the Bible, and they are loud and long in their condemnation of the deeds of those who profess to derive their God from nature. Slavery is a flat denial of the existence of a God of Love and Justice. Every slaveholder and apologist for slavery is a *blasphemer* against Him whom I worship as God. The being who can approve of *war* or *slavery*, I cannot and will not recognize and revere as the God who made me, and my fellow beings. That being is a demon of cruelty, injustice, wrath, revenge and murder. I spurn him and bid him defiance, as I do Bacchus, Mars, Jupiter, Sera, or Juggernaut. The Being that says *war*, or *slavery*, is consistent with love and justice, and with the immutable relations and obligations of man to man, though called God, and worshipped as such, by this nation of slaveholders and slave-drivers, is a liar and the truth is not in him. He is opposed to the self-evident truth that the God of Love and Justice has written on the human soul; and he is a self-evident liar; and all who worship him as God, worship as God a self-evident liar and fiend. It is a self-evident truth that God made all men free; and whoever or whatever says that God ever made a *slave* or a *slaveholder* is a self-evident liar. God makes *human beings*; the spirit of fiends makes slaves and slaveholders.

It is asked what are my views of the *Bible* in reference to war and slavery? I do not believe there is one word in the New Testament that can, without perversion, be construed into a sanction of war or slavery. I believe that the spirit and principles of Christianity, as they are illustrated in the life and teachings of Jesus, are in perfect accordance with the Nature of God, and with the relations and duties of man to man. I believe that Christianity is identical with Humanity, Love and Justice, and that no man can be a Christian and a slaveholder. No slaveholder can be a Christian, nor a just and honest man. I care not what human laws and constitutions may throw their sanctions around them, *all* slaveholders are, ever were and ever must be *self-evident and self-convicted* fiends and villains, because they themselves would call others fiends and villians who should do to them just what they do the slaves. You may as well talk of a Christian, honest thief, robber and murderer, as of a Christian, honest slaveholder. The very deeds which he does to others he would call fiendish if done to him. The same I say of war and warriors. Every warrior, and every advocate of war, is ever doing to others, or advocating the right to do to others, the very deeds which they call robbery, plunder, arson, murder and piracy, if done to them;—and it is the design of war to do to others what all denounce as the blackest and bloodiest crimes when done to them. Instead of being Christians or honest men, such persons are self-evident and self-convicted robbers and assassins.

But the advocates and perpetrators of war and slavery cite the Old Testament to justify their deeds of robbery and murder. Not one step has been taken to eradicate these two giant crimes of earth from among men, but the Old Testament has been cast in the way. The church and clergy have made the Bible the crowning obstacle to Anti-Slavery and Anti-War. Talk of Liberty, or Peace, talk of human love and brotherhood, and instantly the church and clergy strike you dead with a text from the Bible.

It is time this war of *texts* should cease.—It never should have been begun. Non-Resistants and Abolitionists never should have joined issue on the Bible, as to the injustice and innate wickedness of slavery and war. I shall never go to that Book, or to any other, to prove that these deeds are wrong. I shall fall back upon *self-evident* truth. That holding and using man as a chattel—that killing men, women and children at the discretion and for the benefit of those who kill them, and that assuming the right to do these deeds, are wrong, is self-evident, needing no other proof than the witness of God in the soul of every human being. I shall go to no Bible to prove it is wrong for me or any other to kill or enslave *innocent* human beings for my benefit. I know it is wrong; every human being knows it is wrong, and I care not what the Bible says about it so far as this point is concerned. No book, no power in heaven or earth, could make me believe it would be right for me to enslave or kill another, that never injured me. If the Old or New Testament teaches that war or slavery is right, it teaches a self-evident falsehood, and is unworthy of confidence.

I leave it to the pro-war and pro-slavery clergy and churches to settle the meaning and divinity of the Bible. My business is to vindicate the justice and goodness of God, and the brotherhood of man, against their foul and filthy blasphemies, when they assert that war and slavery may consist with them. If they array the Bible against the self-evident truths and facts of our physical, social, and spiritual nature, the Bible must be placed in the position in which it was placed by the *priests* of olden time when they arrayed it against the astronomical demonstrations of Galileo. The Bible must conform to the fact, or be rejected. Whether the Bible sanctions slavery or war, I leave to the pro-war and pro-slavery priests and churches to decide, with the assurance that, if it does, its fate is sealed. It can no more succeed in a struggle to sustain war and slavery against the indignant shouts of Humanity against these evils, than it could triumph in favor of hanging witches and burning heretics, against Humanity which condemned these deeds.—The Bible, in favor of war and slavery, must go down before the stern behests of the soul against them.

For God and Humanity,
HENRY C. WRIGHT.

AUGUSTA, Carroll Co., Nov., 10, '48.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

I attended a Whig meeting in Augusta the evening after seeing you, of which a brief account may serve to call thought to "the sum of all villanies,"—American Slavery.—Messrs. Eckley and Tripp, both lawyers from Carrollton, were there to address the people. Mr. Tripp first addressed the audience. He told them a President was to be elected, and duty to themselves and the country demanded they should make a wise selection. He eulogized Gen. Taylor, and, as a matter of course, condemned Cass and Van Buren. He stated that when Gen. Cass was Governor of Michigan he voted for a law authorizing that persons convicted of certain crimes should be sold for the term of three months to the highest bidder. Yes, said he, this law was carried into effect. A white man was sold and bought by a black man! Yes, a white man sold to a black man, and that with the consent of General Cass!—Most horrible for General Cass to consent to sell a man for three months, who was convicted of crime, but most virtuous for Gen. Taylor to buy and sell men, women and children by the hundred for a life time, who had not been charged with crime! O shame! where is thy blush! I asked if it was worse for a black man to buy a white man than for a white man to buy a black man? As a matter to be expected, he avoided a direct answer.

After giving Gen. Taylor all the glory of an honest man, he gave way to Mr. Eckley. I then arose and stated that I had penciled a few questions during the meeting, which I would like to read. It was agreed that I should read them towards the close of the meeting. Mr. Eckley then spoke in the most eloquent strain of our glorious republic as being a government of the people. What a humbug! It is a government of the people, *women and negroes excepted*. It would truly have been amusing to hear Mr. Eckley call upon the people to rally around General Taylor as the only means of stopping the extension of slavery, had it not been leading honest men blindfolded.

He pointed forward to a time when the blighting curse of slavery may have spread over all the newly-acquired territory, the existence of which, said he, may cause our grand children to see a dissolution of this Union. I expressed a hope that we might see it much sooner; which idea seemed most horrible to them.

Towards the close of the meeting I crowded in the following questions: Has any man a moral right to hire himself out to rob and murder human beings, without regard to their guilt or innocence, at the bidding and for the benefit of his employers?

After making a short appeal to the moral feelings of the audience, I asked a vote upon it. I believe the vote was unanimous against any such right. Then I asked is not Gen. Zachary Taylor a robber and a murderer in the broadest sense of the terms? which, as might be expected, was followed by a tumultuous shout, No! no! no! And are not his employers, the American people, a nation of robbers and murderers in the broadest sense of the terms? Another shout of No! no!

Thus ended the scene. It will not require a large amount of discernment to see that all was admitted in the vote upon the first question.

My object in writing, is to call upon my Whig friends to calmly reconsider their vote. Many of them, I believe, are too honest to support slavery or war, were they not kept in ignorance by designing priests and political demagogues, whose interest it is to deceive. And I will here state a few facts.—

A few years ago this government treated with the Seminole and Creek Indians for their possessions in Florida, then cheated them out of their money, ($250,000) and divided it among slaveholders; after which, they ordered General Taylor to go and drive them from their possessions at the canon's mouth. He went, and what did he do?—Only think of it! he violated a positive command of the New Testament, that says,—"Light shall have no fellowship with darkness." Yes, he compelled his *Christian* soldiers to enter into fellowship with *heathen* soldiers, for the express purpose of tracking up and maiming a few poor Indians and negroes who had fled from the ruthless hand of American Democratic Christian murderers, and taken refuge in the swamps. And who were those heathen? Cuban dogs! Since then the eagle eye of the slave power has been turned towards Mexico. It saw there a vast field over which slavery might be extended. To bring about this, a war of extermination and conquest must be waged.—Gen. Taylor was the man to do the work.—He went down, bombarded towns and cities, thereby murdering innocent men, women and children by the hundred. There might be a volume of facts written to prove the above positions true, but my article is already too long.

JAMES WESTFALL.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, NOVEMBER 21, 1848.

"I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS.—*Edmund Burke.*

☞ Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Degeneracy.

The great farce which the entire American people are every four years called upon to perform, has been gone through with, and the sovereigns of the country have decreed that Zachary Taylor shall be installed President of these United States on the 4th of March next, unless the conscientious scruples of those who can fight the Mexicans on the Sabbath, should shrink from profaning that day by the inauguration of the President, in which event he will enter upon the duties of office on the 5th instead of the 4th of March.

We are truly thankful that the political excitement has measurably subsided, that men are beginning to fall back into their old habits, and permitting reason to resume her former empire. These electioneering campaigns are terrible inflictions; far more to be deprecated than storms, earthquake or pestilence, which so many regard as the special ministers of God's judgments. War finds it necessary to establish a code of morals, contravening that upon which are based man's relations and duties to man, else could it not exist. That this is too much the case with politics, every candid politician will bear witness. Politics is a game of chance and skill; and the morality of private life, the principles of honor and honesty which govern men in ordinary circumstances are disregarded to a very great extent in a political contest. Men, who in their business relations may be implicitly relied upon, are often fraudulent as politicians. Bribery and corruption are with them the order of the day, for all is fair in politics. The circulation of forged documents, the propagation of outrageous falsehoods, defamation of character, and violation of pledges are the ordinary accompaniments of a political campaign, for which the excitement of the game, and the desire to win, are no justification, hardly a palliation.

We remember the reply made by a statesman of some distinction, when asked what effect politics had had upon him: He said that he stooped to do mean and dirty work as a politician, which, as a man he would have scorned to engage in. And this is true to a greater or lesser extent of the politicians of all parties, and the close of a campaign brings with it a conviction of a deterioration in morals that every lover of his country and his race cannot but lament. It is not to be expected that a man can engage in aught that is corrupting in its character and not be defiled thereby. The lessons of morality he learned in the political school, may not at once appear in the transactions of private life, yet his standard of morals will be gradually lowered by the influence of the doctrines practically taught therein. The man, who, as a politician, and for the sake of party success, will forge an electioneering letter, or will knowingly lend his aid in its circulation, and persuade himself he has done no wrong therein, has adopted a principle that will justify him in issuing a forged note where his own affairs seem to demand some extra effort. He who gives a political pledge, and contends it is right to break it when party success requires it, has established a principle that will lead him to defraud for his own benefit, those who repose confidence in him.

We repeat it, the storm that would make desolate the face of our country, the earthquake that would upheave its very foundations, the pestilence that would walk in our midst at noon day, are not either, or all so much to be dreaded as the morality of electioneering campaigns; and though the vast majority regard such sentiments as fanatical in the extreme, we believe the time will come when the evidences of their truth will so greatly abound that none can reject them. The corruption already wrought out in the various departments of government by our false standard of political honor and honesty, is even now attracting public attention, and a reform is loudly called for. This, however, is not an abuse of our system of politics, but its natural results. The office-holders but practice the morality they learned during the campaign, and the consequence is bribery, peculation, favoritism, fraud, falsehood, and all their attendant evils; from which consequences and which cause we hope to be preserved.

RATHER MORTIFYING.—Daniel Webster did not make many speeches in favor of Taylor, and in five of the towns where he did speak, the people took him at his word, and concluded that if Taylor was not fit to be nominated, it was not proper to support him. In the five towns refered to, Clay in 1844 received 2577 votes, and Birney 574. In 1848 the God-like Daniel talked Taylorism to them, and lo! the General polled 1731 votes, and Van Buren 3251. Who now will say that Webster gave "aid and comfort" to the blood-hound candidate?

Not for such an Object.

We this week received a circular from the American Colonization Society, asking a contribution to its funds. Whether the Secretary supposed we might be induced to aid the Society, or whether he thought we would lend our columns to spread his appeal before our readers, or whether he sent it merely to advise us of the condition and prospects of the Colonization cause, we know not. The money and the labor abolitionists have to dispose of for the benefit of the colored American, shall be used to give him freedom in his native land instead of transporting him to Africa—to uproot the cruel prejudice which now denies him his rights, not to pander to it and strengthen it by doing what it demands shall be done. They demand freedom for the colored man *here*, in the land of his nativity—freedom in the broadest sense which any American citizen knows; they demand it as an act of justice due an oppressed race, and they will not cease to demand it until his rights are fully recognized and the barriers of complexional caste forever destroyed.

The Society has expended within the last ten months $25,000 in the transportation of 443 emigrants to Africa, and 567 are now awaiting the action of the Society, and to remove them, it requests funds. It will probably succeed in doing what it designs, for Americans hate the colored man far more than they love him, and will contribute more abundantly of their means to banish him from their presence than to educate him here and make his home comfortable and happy; they will give more to gratify their own cruel prejudice than to elevate humanity. The haters of the colored man are generally active and energetic in their movements against him, while too many of those who profess to love him are but laggards in their efforts to to redeem and elevate him.—"'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

The American people congratulate themselves on offering an asylum to the oppressed of all nations, and have regarded it as a matter for rejoicing that so many emigrants crowd to their shores. And well they may, for emigrants have dug their canals and built their railroads; they have gone with others as pioneers into the vast forests of the West, and made the wilderness blossom as a garden; their toil has given wealth to the nation, and has aided in advancing her prosperity. What means it then, that the American Colonization Society congratulates itself and the nation, that it has done something—though *very* little—to turn the tide of emigration—that it has this year carried nearly five hundred Americans to Africa, and hopes soon to transport as many more? Were these emigrants worthless citizens, were they nuisances of which the country would do well to be rid? Not so—such is not the character the Colonization Society gives its emigrants. They were doubtless all of them Christian people, industrious and worthy.—The cost of their transportation is estimated at $50 per head. Is not each member of an industrious, worthy, Christian family, worth, on an average, more than $50 to the country? If yea, then the Colonization Society is inflicting a positive injury upon it, by their removal. How in the name of common sense, can this nation be benefitted, on the one hand, by the voluntary influx of European emigrants; and on the other hand, by the really compulsory transportation of Americans out of the country—the former coming to a land which is far more attractive, and possesses far greater advantages than does the farcical republic of Liberia, to which the latter are consigned? Why then, should the American Colonization Society seek to expatriate in one year, one thousand Americans who have a far better right to a home here than any slaveholder who wields the lash? There is but one answer. They are BLACK; and black, in this country is the badge of slavery, the mark of degradation. Those whom we oppress, we hate; and except so far as we can obtain their services, their presence is hateful to us—we cannot bear it, away with them! Hence the American Colonization Society, which is now asking for aid.

It is our turn now.

The advocates of the respective claims of Taylor, Cass, and Van Buren to the Presidental chair, have, for months, so absorbed the attention of the people that it has been next to impossible to interest them long enough even to listen to those who desired to have them consider the moral aspect of the question of slavery. But they have stopped to breathe, and now should the opportunity be seized, and efforts made to convert them to something higher and nobler than the mere politician can conceive of, to transform them from Taylorites, Cassites and Van Burenites into *Abolitionists*, from political squabblers into moral warriors. Although the people of this nation, those of the north especially, profess to believe in the inaleniable right of all men to liberty, and although they know that millions of slaves are at this hour groaning in fetters upon our soil, yet not one of the three political parties, though each claims to be democratic and *the* supporter of republican institutions; not one of them, we say, went into the recent contest with "*Immediate Emancipation to the Slave*" inscribed upon its banner, or embodied in its principles. Taylor, of course, with his three hundred slaves would utterly reject such a motto; Cass, with his hope of southern patronage wholly eschewed it; and the sacred character of the "constitutional compromises" would have prevented Van Buren from displaying it, even had he believed in its doctrine. But it is one of the mottoes of the Disunionists, and they fear not to fight under it; within it, is a spell of power, mighty for the bondman's deliverance.

It is our turn now. And instead of entertaining the people with Munchausen stories of Taylor's anti-slavery feelings and his Wilmot Provisoism, which, by the way, are bigger stories than the Baron ever told; instead of striving to mystify them by explaining away the "jump Jim Crow" movements of Cass in regard to slavery in the new territories; instead of persuading them to search in the haystack for the needle that isn't there—or in other words, find in Van Buren's letter of acceptance an expression of opposition to slavery, or a pledge not to veto a bill for its abolition in the District; or instead of maintaining the course of these positions, which Disunionists have been constrained to do, PRINCIPLES not *men* should now be discussed; and instead of comparing notes as to the merits of the *candidates*, the merits of the CONSTITUTION should be examined, to which the successful candidate is a mere appendage, as much so as the tale to the kite, which has to follow its motions and go where it goes.

It is our turn now. Are we ready and willing for the work, ready and willing to make as great sacrifices in every thing but principle, as the conductors of the political campaign have made? If so, once more unto the breach. Let us show by our actions that our zeal, our activity, our devotion to the cause we profess to hold dear, is not inferior to the zeal, activity and devotion of those who engaged in the field of political strife.

It is our turn now. The opportunity is waiting to be improved. The north is now better prepared to consider and advocate a dissolution of the Union, than it was prior to Taylor's election. The struggle made by the political opponents of the Slave Power, has demonstrated the might of that ruler in republican America, for one whose sole merit consisted in his connection with slavery, has triumphantly swept the North, South, East, and West; and nowhere has his triumph been so complete as in the Quaker State of Pennsylvania.

It is our turn now.

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to LABOR and to *Wait*."

Of Course.

Some of the Whig editors are already beginning to select *President* Taylor's Cabinet, and have named Major Bliss as Secretary of State. We were not aware that anybody supposed the General and the Major could possibly be separated; and as the Major has always written the General's despatches, why, of course, he will continue to do it;—and it should be conceded without any nomination as to office, that where Taylor is, there is Bliss—Major Bliss, we mean. Zachary Taylor would not be a whole man without him—he would only be the "Hough," for Bliss is the "Ready." But how queer the old General must feel to think he has really been elected President, for we don't believe he suspected there were so many of the people fools enough to vote for him.

We remember hearing of a certain merchant in Pennsylvania who, once upon a time—as the story books say—was about to visit Philadelphia during the week of the Quaker Yearly Meeting. He was what is called a *Hickory* Quaker, which does'nt mean a strong one by a great deal; but the Friends in his neighborhood knowing of no other "member of Society" from that vicinity who could be present at the annual gathering, concluded to make him their representative. He accordingly was in attendance at the proper time and place; and in describing his action and thoughts in the new position to which he was called, he said, "I went to meeting on Second day morning, and when the names of the representatives were called, I answered to my own, and then, thinks I, this is a queer fix for such a fellow as me; what a devil of a representative I am!"

We use the narrator's own language; and should'nt be a bit surprised, if, during the first day of Taylor's Presidential reign, he should think just the same, "only more so."

ALMOST A JOKE.—A little incident recently occurred in this place, which illustrates the principle of straining at a gnat.

Most of our readers are probably somewhat acquainted with the new system and method of teaching geography, and which is so rapidly becoming popular. A number of prominent schools in the east have adopted it, and among them the celebrated Quaker Boarding School at Westtown. We believe this plan does not profess to go very much into the minutia, but is rather an *outline* geography, giving the names of States, Empires, and Kingdoms, with their capitals, chief towns, principal rivers, &c., which are sung in concert by the class, and which singing doubtless makes the study more attractive to young students, and more deeply impresses the facts upon their mind.

The Hicksite school in this place has adopted the system, and we occasionally hear the young Quakers who attend there, singing their lessons with all the gusto, if not the precission of professed vocalists. Indeed the experiment has met with such favor here that the other branch of Friends—the Orthodox—seriously contemplated introducing the system, though not the ordinary method of teaching it, into their school, for they probably thought it would be a violation of Friend's testimony against music, to have their children taught to sing geography. Outline maps, as we are informed, were accordingly procured, and all necessary arrangements made for the trial, but with the understanding that the lessons were to be *said*, not *sung*. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment, several of the scholars had attended a class taught by James Hambleton in this place, and although they commenced very demurely, *saying* the names of the States and their Capitals &c., the class very soon found themselves in the condition of the boy, who, in reply to a *reproof* from his teacher for whistling in school, said *it whistled itself*, and they were soon giving their geographical knowledge to the tune of "Old Dan Tucker." Whether the system will be abandoned, or what will be the probable result we have not heard conjectured, though we understand the Friends are much chagrined by the failure of their experiment. Some of the boys appear to think it hard that they cannot be permitted to sing lessons in *school*, when they aver that one of their preachers sings in *meeting* quite as much every time he preaches.

To Correspondents.

G. B. He should not have taxed us with the postage. He owes from No. 150—60 cents.

W. P. Thanks for the individual manifestation of interest. Will do what we can, but fear for the result. Are not aware that the article mentioned has been published in pamphlet form.

C. R. C. We wrote her a long time ago—did not the letter reach her?

B. M. C. Hope to see her here within two or three weeks.

From the Pa. Freeman.

The Quakers and the Election.

We understand that the Orthodox Quakers generally, and a great proportion of the members of the Hicksite division, voted for Brigadier General Zackary Taylor, of the United States army; the chief hero of the Mexican war, the officer by whose advice the United States army was ordered from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande; and the war with Mexico begun—by whose advice and urgent request, bloodhounds were imported into Florida to hunt the Indians; the Louisiana slaveholder and slave-buyer; the chosen instrument of the slave-holders to preserve and extend slavery; as their candidate for the presidency. These peaceful followers of George Fox and William Penn, the men who canonize John Woolman, Edward Burroughs, Anthony Benezet and Warner Mifflin, have publicly declared themselves fitly represented by the warrior of Buena Vista, and Louisiana slaveholder, whose only experience is in the discipline of the slave plantation, and the art of human slaughter, and whose only laurels are stained with human blood. Yet these men have "testimonies" against slavery and war and military preparations, and the bearing of arms, and so rigid are they, that a member of their society lays himself liable to discipline and expulsion, for either performing military service or paying a military fine, though non-payment would subject him to great pecuniary loss. No excuses of policy or apparent advantage will justify, in their eyes, either of these violations of principle. Are they too blind to see how they are thus sowing tares in their own wheat-field, encouraging the martial spirit and admiration for the achievments of the warrior, and thus more than neutralizing all their pacific lessons, and making slaveholding a reputable business instead of an odious crime, and thus encouraging the slaveholder, and offering a bounty for others to imitate his tyranny?

While they exalt the slave-holder and slave-buyer to highest political honors, and bestow the richest rewards upon military exploits, of what worth are all their sermons and "testimonies" and "queries?" Men get their impressions of truth and virtue more from practical examples than from theoretical instructions, and no words of peace or freedom can prevent the fatal influence of this practical commendation of war and slavery. It is worse than destroying with one hand what is reared by the other; it not only sweeps away the good their own hands had constructed, but tears up the very foundation on which others might build. It disturbs all faith in moral principle.

It is not alone that the warrior and tyrant is successful, and secures the highest pinnacle of political ambition, but his supporters will of course, attempt a defense of their own action, in which they must apologize for the blackest crimes of the age, and eulogize their perpetrator as a paragon of virtue and manly excellence. We cannot imagine action and teaching more directly demoralizing to those who practice and to those who witness it.—While the wise and accomplished statesman, and the true patriot and philanthropist, are left in obscurity, the bloody warrior and petty despot, is elevated to supreme power, and covered with fulsome praise. While the advocates of political reforms, for freedom and brotherly love, are spurned and repulsed, the man-slayer and man-enslaver, is welcomed and glorified.

From avowed fighters and pro-slavery men, we expect nothing better, but the evil in this case is greatly aggravated by the moral standing, respectability, and high professions of those who engage in it. They may rejoice for their success as Whigs, but they may mourn for their shameful defeat as Friends. They may secure a financial policy which will increase their wealth, and give an impetus to the greedy scramble of trade, but it is at a fearful cost to morality and pure religion, by a sad violence to our hearts. It would be easy for any one to see how the election of a notorious counterfeiter or burglar, (whose only fame was from success in his crimes,) to the Presidency, must demoralize the nation, and promote not only the peculiar crimes he had practised, but all forms of vice and wickedness. Why is it less apparent in this case? The political economist may mourn for the election of ignorant and incompetent rulers, but it is a trifling evil, compared to the election of immoral ones. The moral bearings of an election, are always more important than its economical, and it is greatly to be regretted, that this truth is so seldom heeded. The Quakers were once foremost in their perception of it, and in their practical fidelity to Christian morality; but "how has the fine gold become dim?" "How is the faithful city become a harlot? Righteousness lodged in it, but now murderers."

Beside those fundamental "testimonies" of the Society, its leading and influential members are free and constant in their counsel for "Friends" to avoid all "mixtures" with men of other sects in moral reforms and benevolent societies, lest their peculiar principles and customs should be worn away by the contact. "Israel must dwell alone," lest by going abroad into society, they fall into the idolatries of surrounding tribes, and forget their own faith and worship. This may seem at first glance to manifest but little confidence in their own principles or virtue, and to be but a poor preparative for the temptations and seductive allurements which they are all liable to encounter, spite of their monastic precautions. Yet however poor the compliment these "Fathers in Israel" pay to their children, when they would sentence them to close confinement in a sectarian penitentiary, as the only way to preserve their integrity, it seems *just*, if we may judge by their abandonment of principle, when once let loose for a political holiday. We wonder not that after the scenes of an election day, like that just passed, they should dread the effect of "mixtures" upon "Friends;" though they greatly mistake in expecting a similar effect from the association to which we invite them, namely, with the good and benevolent and pure of all sects and classes in humane and needful reforms. Were we to ask them to unite with the vulgar, the obscene, the profane, the violent, the selfish, the dishonest, the impure and profligate, in a grand scramble for political victory—not to honor integrity, virtue, philanthropy, or real merit of any kind, but to exalt a warrior for his deeds of blood—we might deserve the coldness or opposition which we so often experience from influential Friends, when we come as the advocates of the great Christian reform of the age; but from recent developments we fancy we should find a more cordial welcome and greater success.

We might allude to Quaker antipathies to "hireling preachers," and ask whether "hireling" soldiers and warriors were more acceptable to them? but we will not pursue the subject further. We think the Quaker volunteers in this recent campaign under General Taylor ("Friend Zachariah") might with great propriety don the epaulettes and military trappings, and swing the slave-driver's cart-whip, and imitate his "plainness of speech" at Buena Vista, that the "amity" might be complete between themselves and their candidate. Their inconsistency is too apparent not to disgrace them in the eyes of the world.

They expose themselves peculiarly to reproach from the defeated party and other men whose political partialities do not blind their eyes; and even the political gamblers they have aided, and who flatter and praise them, we believe, see the flat contradiction between their principles and action; and while glad for such respectable support in their own unprincipled manœuvers for success, they will secretly laugh at the gullibility and easy virtue of their Quaker allies.

Instead of winning the reverence of their slanderers and persecutors, as did their fathers, these Taylorite Friends are exposing their principles to scorn and themselves to ridicule.

We are glad to acknowledge that a remnant is left in that Society, who have stood firm against the political current, and kept their faith in the midst of the general defection. Few in numbers, they are mighty in moral power. In the name of the slave and humanity, we thank and honor them, though in their consciousness of right, they have a happiness higher than any praise can give them.

American Politics separated from Moral Law.

BY REV. DR. BUSHNELL.

It is remarkable that the moral sense of the country is so dulled, in reference to every thing that can be called politics—moral distinctions are so far subordinated to the power of party discipline—that almost no effect is produced by the agitation on one side, or the just reprobation it meets on the other. A most melancholy and frightful evidence of the extent to which American politics have become separated from the law of God and the control of moral principle!

We are guilty as a nation of the most glaring wrongs, and if there be a just God, we have reason to tremble for His judgments. We are ceasing as a nation to have any conscience about public matters. Even good men and Christians, which is the most deplorable of all, are suffering an allegiance to party rule which effectually demolishes their personality under the claims of principle, learning quietly to approve and passively to follow in whatsoever path their party leads. The fear of God is perishing. The impulse of political adventure bears down other and better impulses. Numbers and force are the instruments, success the test, of all public measures, and the amazing interests of our great country, if we do not retrace our steps, are soon to lie at the mercy of irresponsible will, instigated by a rapacity for office and power, which constitutions or bonds of order cannot long restrain.

The neglect of the pulpit to assert the dominion of moral principle over all we do as citizens, has hastened and aggravated the evil I complain of. The false notion has taken possession extensively of the public mind, and received the practical assent of the ministers of religion themselves, that they must not meddle with politics. Nothing is made of the obvious distinction between the moral principles of politics, and those questions of election and of state policy which are to be decided by our moral tests. It is the solemn duty of the ministers of religion to make their people feel the presence of God's law every where—and especially here, where so many of the dearest interests of life, nay, the interests of virtue and religion are themselves at stake. This is the manner of the Bible.—There is no one subject on which it is more full and abundant than it is in reference to the moral duty of rulers and citizens. Command, reproof, warning, denunciation—every instrument is applied to keep them under a sense of obligation to God. Some of the ministers of religion, I am afraid, want the courage to discharge their whole duty in this matter. Their position between two fiery and impetuous torrents of party feeling is often one, I know, of great weakness, and they need to consider, when they put on their armor, whether they can meet alone one that cometh against them with twenty thousand. But it cannot be necessary that the duties of the ministry in this field should be totally neglected, as they have been in many places hitherto, or if it be, we may well despair of our country.

Party discipline is so strong and peremptory among us, that moral considerations and restraints are overborne by it. Men are always irresponsible when they act in masses. Conscience belongs to the individual, and when all individuality is lost, conscience is lost too. I do not complain that we have parties. It may be difficult to devise any means by which it could be avoided. But, in the name of God did all that is sacred, I protest against the doctrine that every man shall do what his party appoints, and justify what his party does. It is the worst form of papacy ever invented. And how dreadfully evident is it that the party discipline of our country, irresponsible as it is and must be, sweeps like a maelstrom round the personality of our people, engulphing men and churches in its dismal vortex. Few men have the nerve to resist it. Their scruples are overruled, they are convinced against their reason, the spirit of the multitude expels the spirit of God—it is their duty—their party is most assuredly to be the salvation of the country—the voices of the multitude and the chief priests prevail, and Christ is crucified!

The preponderant influence of slavery in the institutions of our country is a powerful cause of the result we are deploring. With a population inferior to that of the free States, and rapidly increasing, it is yet demonstrable that Slavery had hitherto borne rule in the nation. I saw, but a few days ago, a table of the Presidents and all the chief officers of State in our country, since the adoption of the Constitution, showing that in the highest grades of office, at least five-sixths of the incumbents have been from the slaveholding States! I laid the record down with feelings of indignation, shame and grief, that I cannot find words to express—indignation that the lordship of slavery has assisted so effectually the lordship of office—shame that we have suffered it to be so—grief at the discovery that slavery is the characteristic and dominant power of our country. It was no relief to remember that Virginia, the breeder of slaves, a distinction at once cruel and infamous, has also been the chief breeder of Presidents—as little that the great slave market of the nation is the nation's capital—as little, nay, less, that northern leaders have there conspired, for so many years, to stifle the prayer of freedom in the halls consecrated to equal rights and human liberty. O, my country! hang thy head and blush over this desecrated name!—a name which thou hast emblazoned before mankind, but hast made a fiction at home, in thy republican slavedom!

Slavery being thus predominant in the politics of our country, they have grown as irresponsible, as destitute of conscience, and remote from the fear of God, as slavery would require. The moral deterioration of which I have complained here at the North, has been visibly due, in no small degree, to the assimilating power of a southern influence. Slavery, as such, has no principle—it loosens all the evil passions of human nature. Its law is human will. The style of southern politics has accordingly been signalized by irresponsibility from the first. And the South has been steadily travelling northward, bringing its license with it; expelling the ancient time when merit reigned among us, and making us familiar with the lawless spirit of political adventure and rapacity. Our evil communications have corrupted good manners, till now, the separation of politics from the fear of God and the constraints of moral obligation is becoming national in our people.

COVERLET AND INGRAIN CARPET WEAVING.

The subscriber, thankful for past favours conferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he still continues in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carpet business.

Directions.—For double coverlets spin the woollen yarn at least 12 cuts to the pound, double and twist 32 cuts, coloring 8 of it red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other *two colors*; double and twist of No. 5 cotton, 30 cuts for chain. He has two machines to weave the half-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double and twisted woollen, and 18 cuts of No. 9 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotton yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and 8 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain—17 cuts of double and twisted woollen, and one pound single white cotton for filling.—For those two machines spin the woollen yarn nine or ten cuts to the pound.

Plain and figured table linen, &c. woven.

ROBERT HINSHILLWOOD,
Green street, Salem.

June 16th, 1848. 6m—119

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Peltons splendid outline Maps, Baldwin's pronouncing Geographical Gazeteer, and "Naylor's system of teaching Geography," for sale by J. Hambleton of this place. He is also prepared to give instruction to classes, or to individuals who wish to qualify themselves for teaching the science of Geography according to this new, superior, and (where tried) universally approved system. Address by letter or otherwise, Salem, Col., Co., O. Oct. 6th, 1848.

FRUIT TREES.

The proprietor has on hand a handsome lot of FRUIT TREES, comptising Apple, Pear, Peach, Plumb, and Cherry trees, and some Grape Vines and Ornamental Trees—all of which he will sell on reasonable terms at his residence in Goshen, Mahoning Co., 4½ miles north-west of Salem.

ZACHARIAH JENKINS, Jr.

August 11, 1848. tf

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

Laborers Wanted---An Appeal.

The sphere of our labor is widening. The absorbing excitement of a presidential election, which has hitherto diverted attention from the question of slavery, is now directing it to that subject. The electioneering campaign which has just closed, great and numerous as have been its evils, has not been without its good. It has helped to make slavery the great question of political discussion, to awaken inquiries as to its character and its evils in thousands of minds before indifferent to it. It has drawn forth strong condemnations of the system, and eloquent exposures of its consequences, from men before silent upon it, or open apologists for its continuance. It has helped to prepare men to hear still more of the facts of slavery and our relation and duty to it, and thereby open new fields for our tillage.

We have been gratified at the many recent evidences we have had that the masses of the people are fast becoming willing and desirous to hear anti-slavery truth, and of the impressibility of these multitudes by anti-slavery appeals, and this too under unfavorable circumstances. After the presidential contest is over—its results decided, and its turmoil ended, this question is not to lose its importance, but to increase in interest. It will rest more entirely on its own merits, and the discussion upon it will become more one of fact and principle. The system of slavery must come, disconnected from other questions, and from personal character, before the bar of public opinion for trial, and be subjected to a searching investigation. The great panel is now being drawn, of the jury which must give a verdict upon it. They will hear with more calmness and less prejudice than formerly, and consequently truth, when once given to them, will work more effectually in their minds and hearts.

The need of information and the readiness of the people to receive it are admitted.—That facts and arguments exist accessible to every one who will search for them, is also true. In the face of angry opposition and through a thousand discouragements, the abolitionists have labored for years, bringing to light the secrets of the slave system, gathering proofs of the operations of slavery upon the interests of labor and political economy; upon morality and religion, and the general welfare of the nation and people at large. They have vindicated the rights of labor, the claims of the poor and ignorant and degraded, the principles of equality and human brotherhood, and the dignity of man; they have exhibited the practical character of Christianity, the heroic and reformatory example of its Great Teacher, and the superior excellence of this Religion of Life, over that of a dead faith and form. New revelations of principle or new applications of long known truths, have been made by their exertions. They have thus prepared the way for a more general and more effective "revival" of Liberty and Love than this land has ever yet witnessed. They have wrought out the arrows for the reformers who shall follow them;—they have furnished a magazine of facts and arguments for others to draw upon. This vast treasure is increasing with our increasing experience, for every day either adds a new incident, illustration or argument to all the previous stock. To change the figure, here is a granary of wheat ready which must be scattered into the minds of the people. That soil is ready to receive its seed, and it lies waiting to be sown: all that is wanting now is that sowers shall go forth to scatter it.

This is not the duty of the public lecturer and the editor alone. Every man has a portion of the great moral field to plant and till; but how few have hitherto laid their hands to the work. What a vast portion of the field has run to waste for want of laborers! Thousands of the people are now arrayed against us, and give their influence to hinder and discourage our cause, or withhold their aid from it, who belong with us by identity of aims and principles, and sympathy of feeling; the reason is, they are ignorant or misinformed of our movement. Half blindly or quite unconsciously they are giving their influence to support slavery. Other thousands rest at ease in a selfish indifference, or waste their energies and time in mere pleasures or a struggle for power and fame, who might be awakened to higher aims and nobler objects, by the appeal of timely words and a good example. Shall those words and that example be given them? The welfare of the race and the cause of Truth and Justice demand it. If Jesus could say, "the fields are white unto the harvest, but the laborers are few," with how much more force may it now be said?

Reader, are you a worker in this holy enterprize? Are you improving every opportunity which offers and seeking new ones to speak and act for this cause? Are you careful, by studying the subject and keeping your mind informed of all its many aspects and its progress, and the facts and arguments which bear upon it, and by maintaining in a worthy and consistent example to see to it that every word you speak and every blow you strike, shall fall with its full weight upon the heart of the hearer? It is not enough that you feel aright, that your heart longs for the triumph of freedom, important as that is; but to dispel ignorance, to defeat sophistry, and enlighten sincere inquirers, *intelligence* is necessary. While the uninformed abolitionist may do something, and ought not to excuse himself on the ground of his ignorance, he is comparatively powerless. He stands alone against a host; when he might summon powerful allies to his aid—aye, those which are waiting for his call to spring forward to support him. There are thousands of incidents and historical facts ready for use at his hand, and a multitude of thoughts would they breed and bring forth to aid their work. These are the "legions of angels" which the intelligent and thoughtful reformer may summon to his support against the strong array of the powers of evil.

But the reformer needs more than intelligence; he must have *devotion*, the inspiring faith and love which shall give warm life to his thoughts; which shall melt a way through icy indifference and long accumulated prejudice, into the heart of his hearer, which shall send through his tones, his glance and his action, an influence too subtle for words, as invisible and potent as the electric current. His daily life, his position towards slavery and its accessaries will be a constant sermon read and felt of those around him, reaching where the uttered word could never reach, and giving added power to every spoken message.

If we have a living faith in our principles, —are bold in their defence, and watchful for the fit time to speak and act, and ever on the alert that our foes gain no advantage over us, we may go on with as calm and full a confidence of success, as though an angel from heaven had predicted our triumph. It cannot be immediate; we need patience, for old and wide-spread evils are not hastily eradicated from society. Their roots have become entwined among the very fibres of our institutions and customs, and it is a long, perhaps a wearying labor, to pursue them through all their windings, and separate the evil from the good, that *this* may be preserved while *that* is destroyed; but it can be done, and the operation is now going on in society.

Again, we say, our cause needs laborers, in every condition of life, and in every class of society. There is a place for every man to work. There is room for every peculiarity of talent and genius to find full scope and action. The little child and the gray-haired sage, the humblest worker and loftiest genius, may engage in it. Strength and refinement, caution and fervor, thought and imagination, are all needed. Here is a conflict in which the *hero* may bless the world, and prove himself a conqueror and a friend.

This cause is giving to its friends and supporters the moral discipline which they need. Are they naturally timid? It calls forth latent strength and courage. Are they inclined to selfishness and a love of ease and pleasure? It calls them to self-denial and devotion to human welfare. It prompts them to energy and activity. Are they tempted to *prefer policy to principle, immediate advantage to absolute right*? It proves the superiority of right and truth to a low expediency. It exalts God's law above all human compacts, and teaches, to those who truly understand its message, reliance on the divine love, wisdom and power, and a constant communion with the infinite Spirit of Life. Are they hasty and impatient of delay? It teaches them to work and wait, to hope on and hope ever; to look to the coming time for their success and reward.

Our ranks are thinning off by death. One after another of "the fearless-faithful and the humbly good," are taken from us. Some have grown weary, or yielded to alluring temptations, and deserted the cause, or declined in their zeal and activity. Their labors must be continued, and those gaps must be filled. It can be done in part by our increased devotion of time, money and effort to the cause; but other accessions of strength from beyond our ranks we ought to have, and we can have. Let every abolitionist set himself about bringing in new workers, who shall emulate the fidelity of those who have risen from earth. Let every man who would bless the world, or fulfil his duty, come up to our help. Come, brothers, gird yourselves to the work before you. Give yourselves heartily to the great labor for human rights and human developement!

From the North Star.

William Smith O'Brien

The recent trial, conviction and sentence of death passed upon this most unhappy man, for the crime of high treason, in Ireland, has afforded another of those opportunities always eagerly embraced by the American press and people, to vaunt the moral superiority, larger liberty, greater humanity and higher civilization of the United State, and to denounce, in the most bitter and unsparing manner, what we are pleased to term the savage barbarity of "foul and bloody Old England."—Such an opportunity as this cannot fail to be used very extensively. It will serve to keep up a vivid impression of our own excellence as a people, as well as to increase that always profitable *material*, so useful to political demagogues—*hatred of England*. This commodity would in all probability become extinct in time, but for the occurrence of such cases as those of Mitchell, McManus and O'Brien. It is doubtless desirable for a nation like ours, drunk on the blood of three million slaves, to forget our own revolting crimes in contemplating the crimes of others. "Misery loves company," and it may not always be proper to deny them the poor consolation they derive from it. But we cannot think it just at this time to allow that part of the American mind within our reach to rest in the iniquitous repose which results from the common assertion that England, with all her boasted benevolence and philanthropy, is more cruel than America. While the American mind is so alive to injustice—so shocked by barbarous cruelty, and is devoutly thanking the most high God that Christian America is not like unto that hoary old transgressor across the water, it seems in a prepared and suitable state to consider properly certain important and instructive facts connected with our national history. It may be far more pleasant, but it can never be more wise, to forget our own sins by remembering the sins of others. It is hardly necessary to say, that we have no desire to lessen in any mind a just and proper estimate of the character and institutions of this country, or to allay the feeling of horror with which this dreadful sentence has thrilled all minds.—Those sentiments are natural, and when rightly directed, must always be attended with happy results. Our pretensions, however, to freedom and humanity over England have about the same foundation as the superiority claimed in the temple by the self-righteous Pharisee over the publican. Let us look at home, and see if we are in a condition to pull the mote out of our brother's eye—let us see if we are in a condition to first cast a stone at her.

"Shall we scoff at Europe's Kings,
While freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shades of slavery's curse!"

It is said that this last act of British injustice, fills to the brim the cup of her abominations—that she has shocked the moral sense, outraged the humanity, and disgraced the civilization of the nineteenth century—that a verdict more unjust, and a sentence more cruel, was never presented to the consideration of mankind—that its execution will cause indignation, mingled with intense horror, to flash like lightning around our land. That this will be the case, we have no doubt. The patriotism, heorism and martyrdom of Mitchell, McManus and O'Brien, will long continue the burning theme of American orators and authors. The salt tear of American sympathy must often start from its saddened fountain, as the names of these brave men are mentioned. Deep, loud and long will be the curses pronounced against proud, bloody and tyrannical England. In the names of Mitchell, McManus and O'Brien, American mothers will teach their children to hate blood-thirsty England. Probabilities and consequences of this character are too grave to be passed over lightly, or disposed of hastily. Let us consider of these. Let us first examine the cause of the sentence passed upon Mitchell, and the dreadful fate to which O'Brien and McManus are doomed, and in the light of our present position and past history, ascertain if we are the people to denounce England as a sinner above ourselves.

The crimes of these men are the highest known to human law, involving the subversion of the whole frame-work of human government, and filling the land with all the awful horrors of civil war. They could only expect to gain their object by causing the land to smoke with the warm blood of slaughtered thousands. It appeared to be the purpose of these men to beget in the minds of their fellow-countrymen the highest contempt and most reckless disregard of human life.—It is also true that these men were sane, intelligent beings. Mitchell was an educated man; so was Smith O'Brien. The latter was also a law-maker. They well understood the nature of the solemn game which they undertook to play, and the amount of the stake to be lost or won. They have played —they have lost, and must pay the forfeiture. They have "sown the wind, and are reaping the whirlwind." They have been pierced by their own swords, and consumed by a fire of their own kindling.

We may lament over their misfortune, bewail their sad lot, and mourn over their terrible doom; and it may be proper to do so.—But can any American say that the treatment of these men would have been better had they attempted against the American government what they attempted against the British throne? There is not the slightest reason to suppose it would. Our government, like that of England, is based on the sword for its existence, and is no more merciful or less cruel than the British government. Governments are governments the world over. Whether they are called monarchies, aristocracies, autocracies, or democracies, they are always the same bloody and remorseless monsters, everywhere their authority is disputed by force.

It may be, and doubtless is, a great outrage against humanity to hang Smith O'Brien by the neck until he is dead, and then to sever his head from his body, and to divide his body into four quarters, and leave it to the disposal of the Queen. But is this worse or more revolting on the part of England, than it was for America to cause Nathaniel Turner, the hero of the Southampton insurrection, to walk barefoot on a train of living fire forty feet long, and at the end of it to riddle his body with a hundred bullets? Is it worse for England to transport Mitchell for fourteen years, than it is for us to imprison Drayton for twenty?—the former plotting a bloody revolution, and the latter merely, by peaceable means, removing seventy-seven human beings from a land of slavery to a land of liberty. Is it worse for England to hang McManus, after a fair trial, than it was for America to burn the noble McIntosh, in Missouri, without judge or jury? And shall a people who looked on that horrid scene with composure and indifference, now effect horror and hatred of England, because of her revolting crimes? William Smith O'Brien attempted to achieve for his country *political* freedom. In the language of Thomas Jefferson, Nathaniel Turner attempted to redress wrongs worse than ages of that which Americans rose in rebellion to oppose. Until the prison doors at Washington shall be opened for the release of Drayton, and we atone for Torrey, and have struck the chains from millions in our land, we may hold our peace respecting the cruelty of England.—F. D.

Meagher's Speech.

The European Times of the 28th says:—We understand that the authorities at Dublin are in possession of a plot entered into by some foolish visionaries to rescue Charles Gavin Duffy out of Newgate, either before or after his trial. Such precautions have been taken as would totally defeat this absurd attempt if made.

The special commission at Clonmel has closed its deeply melancholy labors. Mr. W. Smith O'Brien, Mr. McManus, Mr. O'Donoghue, and Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher, have now been severally found guilty, and, by the sentence of the judges of the land, await in prison punishment for their violation of the law. It is impossible to read the final speeches of Mr. Manus, O'Donoghue, and Meagher, especially of the latter, without being struck with the lofty heroism which has evidently been their ruling passion. Mr. Meagher at the close of his trial said:

"It is my intention to say a few words, I desire that the last act of a proceeding, which has occupied so much of the public time should be of short duration, nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a state prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear, that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might indeed avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of these sentiments and that conduct, in a light, I think, far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them; and perhaps the sentence, you my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever may be the language in which that sentence will be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made for what I conceived to be a just and noble cause I ascribe no vain importance; nor do I claim for them any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever so happen, that they who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak their efforts may have been are sure to receive the thanks and blessing of its people. With the country, then, I leave my memory, my sentiments, my acts, proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I was indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment against them; influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they perhaps, could have returned no other verdict.

What of that charge? Any strong observations upon it I sincerely feel would ill benefit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord—you who preside upon that bench—when the prejudices and passions of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and ask of it—was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown? My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perchance it may seal my fate, but I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing that I have ever done—to retract nothing that I have ever said. I am not here to crave, with lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it. Even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their footprints in the dust—here, in this spot, where the shadow of death surrounds me, and from which I see an early grave in an unanointed soil open to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, that hope which beckoned me to the perilous sea on which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, and enraptures me. No! I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can now do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity instead of what she is—the meanest begger in the world—to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death. But the history of Ireland explains my crime and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal—(and turning round towards his fellow-prisoner, McManus,)—you are no criminal—(and to O'Donohue)—you are no criminal, and we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the reason of which I have been convicted, loses all its guilt—is sanctified as a duty—will be ennobled as a sacrifice.—With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I feel to be my duty—having spoken now, as I did on every occasion during my short life what I felt to be the truth. I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion and my death—that country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies—whose factions I sought to still—whose intellect I prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a pledge of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought, and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart; and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearment's of a happy and an honorable home. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs, and I trust I will be prepared to hear it, and meet its execution. I trust too, that I shall be prepared with a pure heart to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a judge of infinite goodness, as well as of infinite justice, will preside; and where my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed."

The conclusion of this address was received with murmurs of applause.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Bible, if opposed to Self-Evident Truth, is a self-evident Falsehood.

MARLBORO, November 12th, 1848.

To the Editors of the Bugle.

DEAR FRIENDS:—In the Bugle of the 10th is a note addressed to me from James Westfall, inquiring of me my views of the nature of God and the teachings of the Bible in reference to Slavery and War." In most of the meetings held in this State the past season, by C. C. Burleigh and myself, a resolution embodying the above sentiment has been offered, discussed and passed, generally without much opposition among abolitionists. There has been opposition, deep and strong, among those who say we have no knowledge of the being and attributes of God, nor of the relations, obligations and rights of man, nor of any distinctions between right and wrong, except through the Bible; and who think MAN IS MADE FOR THE BIBLE, AND NOT THE BIBLE FOR MAN.

In answer to the inquiry, I would say, I believe that God is Love, God is Justice, God is unchangeable; and whatever is *now* opposed to the Divine nature, always was and always must be opposed to it. The question may arise, How I know that such is the nature of God? I shall not argue the question here, whether God is just, benevolent and unchangeable; nor shall I attempt to show the foundation of my belief in the existence of such a Being; but will just say, I do believe in the existence of such a Being, and worship Him as my God, who made me, and to whom I am responsible. I will also say, that I can no more doubt the existence of such a Being than I can doubt my own existence as a human being. In both cases my faith seems to be based upon the same testimony, i. e. that of my own soul. Certain I am, my belief in the existence of God has no connection with the Bible.

I know Slavery is opposed to the nature of that Being whom I call God, and whom I worship as such. A being that authorizes man to make merchandize of man, no matter what he is called, and by whom he is worshipped, is to me a Devil. The pro-slavery priests, churches and politicians of this nation of slave-breeders and slave-traders, may call him God, their Almighty Father, and they may pray to him as a God, but, in my opinion, no tribe nor nation of men, not even the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Hindoos or the Cannibals, ever had grosser or more monstrous ideas of God than have the churches and clergy of this land, who hold, as all slaveholders and their apologists do, that He is an Almighty slave-trader and slave-driver. The being whom slaveholders and their apologists worship as God, and who, they say, moves them to hold slaves and deal in human chattels, cannot be surpassed in fiendish malignity, injustice, pollution and crime, by any being worshipped as God by any tribe of savages or heathen. Their Gods never incite them to baser outrages upon Justice and Humanity than those to which slaveholders and their allies are instigated by their Divinity. And these profess to get their God from the Bible, and they are loud and long in their condemnation of the deeds of those who profess to derive their God from nature. Slavery is a flat denial of the existence of a God of Love and Justice. Every slaveholder and apologist for slavery is a *blasphemer* against Him whom I worship as God. The being who can approve of [illegible] or sl[illegible] and [illegible] my [illegible] of [illegible] mur[illegible] as I [illegible] germ[illegible] ry, i[illegible] with [illegible] of m[illegible] ship[illegible] ers a[illegible] is no[illegible] evid[illegible] tice [illegible] is a [illegible] him [illegible] liar [illegible] God [illegible] wha[illegible] a *sla*[illegible] *hum*[illegible] slave[illegible] It [illegible] in re[illegible] belie[illegible] men[illegible] stru[illegible] beli[illegible] tiani[illegible] teac[illegible] with[illegible] tion[illegible] that [illegible] Lov[illegible] Chr[illegible] er c[illegible] man[illegible] stitu[illegible] ther[illegible] ever[illegible] fien[illegible] wor[illegible] sho[illegible] You[illegible] this[illegible] hor[illegible] he [illegible] dor[illegible] wa[illegible] cat[illegible] dee[illegible] son[illegible] an[illegible] wh[illegible] ies[illegible] bei[illegible] sor[illegible] be[illegible] an[illegible] fy [illegible] on[illegible] tw[illegible] bu[illegible] wi[illegible] Bi[illegible] an[illegible] tal[illegible] st[illegible] w[illegible] It [illegible] R[illegible] ha[illegible] ju[illegible] w[illegible] ar[illegible] w[illegible] tr[illegible] cl[illegible] d[illegible] t[illegible] r[illegible] e[illegible] n[illegible] i[illegible] f[illegible] b[illegible]

[illegible] struggle to sustain war and slavery against the indignant shouts of Humanity against these evils, than it could triumph in favor of hanging witches and burning heretics, against Humanity which condemned these deeds.—The Bible, in favor of war and slavery, must go down before the stern behests of the soul against them.

[illegible] their apologists worship as God, and who, they say, moves them to hold slaves and deal in human chattels, cannot be surpassed in fiendish malignity, injustice, pollution and crime, by any being worshipped as God by any tribe of savages or heathen. Their Gods never incite them to baser outrages upon Justice and Humanity than those to which slaveholders and their allies are instigated by *priests* of olden time when they arrayed it against the astronomical demonstrations of Galileo. The Bible must conform to the fact, or be rejected. Whether the Bible sanctions slavery or war, I leave to the pro-war and pro-slavery priests and churches to decide, with the assurance that, if it does, its fate is sealed. It can no more succeed in a struggle to sustain war and slavery against the indignant shouts of Humanity against these evils, than it could triumph in favor of hanging witches and burning heretics, against Humanity which condemned these deeds.—The Bible, in favor of war and slavery, must go down before the stern behests of the soul against them.

[illegible] termination and conquest must be waged.—Gen. Taylor was the man to do the work.—He went down, bombarded towns and cities, thereby murdering innocent men, women and children by the hundred. There might be a volume of facts written to prove the above positions true, but my article is already too long.

JAMES WESTFALL.

[ANTI-SLAVERY BU[illegible]

Salem, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND:

The Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society take this means of addressing you, personally, to solicit your co-operation in an effort to extend the circulatios of the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

The subscription list of the paper is altogether too small to yield an income sufficient to defray the expenses of its publication. Our expenditures each week, far exceed the receipts from subscribers; and the result must soon be a heavy debt against the paper. What, then is to be done? Is the Bugle to be sustained?—or must it be discontinued for want of support? The answer is with *you*.

We take it for granted that you agree with us in believing that the Anti-Slavery cause in the west cannot be successfully carried forward without the instrumentality of an uncompromising Anti-Slavery paper. Such a paper cannot of course be published unless the means are furnished by those interested in the advancement of our cause.

We have then, this one request to make of all our subscribers: that each and every one of them will obtain, and forward without delay, the name of at least one additional subscriber. May

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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, NOVEMBER 24, 1848.

"I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT — THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS.—*Ed.*

Not for such an Object.

We this week received a circular from the American Colonization Society, asking a contribution to its funds. Whether the Secretary supposed we might be induced to aid the Society, or whether he thought we would

age wholly eschewed it; and the sacred character of the "constitutional compromises" would have prevented Van Buren from displaying it, even had he believed in its doctrine. But it is one of the mottoes of the Disunionists, and they fear not to fight under it; within it, is a spell of power, mighty

idman's deliverance.

turn out. And instead of enter- people with Munchausen stories anti-slavery feelings and his Wil- soism, which, by the way, are big- than the Baron ever told; instead to mystify them by explaining "jump Jim Crow" movements of gard to slavery in the new territo- ad of persuading them to search in ck *for* the needle that isn't there— words, find in Van Buren's letter nce an expression of opposition to a pledge not to veto a bill for its in the District; or instead of mun- e course of these positions, which sts have been constrained to do, s not *men* should now be discussed; d of comparing notes as to the mer- *candidates*, the merits of the Con- should be examined, to which the candidate is a mere appendage, as is the tale to the kite, which has to motions and go where it goes.

turn now. Are we ready and the work, ready and willing to great sacrifices in every thing but as the conductors of the political have made? If so, once more un- ach. Let us show by our actions zeal, our activity, our devotion to we profess to hold dear, is not in- he zeal, activity and devotion of o engaged in the field of political

turn now. The opportunity is o be improved. The north is now pared to consider and advocate a n of the Union, than it was prior to election. The struggle made by cal opponents of the Slave Power, nstrated the might of that ruler in n America, for one whose sole mer- ed in his connection with slavery, iphantly swept the North, South, West; and nowhere has his tri- en so complete as in the Quaker Pennsylvania.

ur turn now.

t us then be up and doing
ith a heart for any fate,
achieving, still pursuing,
earn to LABOR and to *Wait.*"

Of Course.

of the Whig editors are already be- o select *President* Taylor's Cabinet, named Major Bliss as Secretary of We were not aware that anybody the General and the Major could be separated; and as the Major has written the General's despatches, course, he will continue to do it;— ould be conceded without any nomi- to office, that where Taylor is, there —Major Bliss, we mean. Zachary would not be a whole man without would only be the "Hough," for the "Ready." But how queer the old must feel to think he has really been President, for we don't believe he d there were so many of the people ough to vote for him.

emember hearing of a certain mer- n Pennsylvania who, once upon a s the story books say—was about to iladelphia during the week of the Yearly Meeting. He was what is *Hickory* Quaker, which does'nt mean one by a great deal; but the Friends neighborhood knowing of no other er of Society" from that vicinity uld be present at the annual gather- ncluded to make him their representa- He accordingly was in attendance at per time and place; and in describing on and thoughts in the new position h he was called, he said, "I went to g on Second day morning, and when nes of the representatives were called, ered to my own, and then, thinks I, a queer fix for such a fellow as me devil of a representative I am!"

use the narrator's own language; and 'nt be a bit surprised, if, during the y of Taylor's Presidential reign, he think just the same, "only more so."

LOST A JOKE.—A little incident recent- urred in this place, which illustrates inciple of straining at a gnat.

t of our readers are probably somewhat nted with the new system and method hing geography, and which is so ra- becoming popular. A number of pro- t schools in the east have adopted it, nong them the celebrated Quaker Boar- School at Westtown. We believe this oes not profess to go very much into inutia, but is rather an *outline* geogra- giving the names of States, Empires, Kingdoms, with their capitals, chief , principal rivers, &c., which are sung ect by the class, and which singing doubtless makes the study more attractive to young students, and more deeply impresses the facts upon their mind.

The Hicksite school in this place has adopted the system, and we occasionally hear the young Quakers who attend there, singing their lessons with all the gusto, if not the precission of professed vocalists. Indeed the experiment has met with such favor here that the other branch of Friends—the Orthodox—seriously contemplated introducing the system, though not the ordinary method of teaching it, into their school, for they probably thought it would be a violation of Friend's testimony against music, to have their children taught to sing geography. Outline maps, as we are informed, were accordingly procured, and all necessary arrangements made for the trial, but with the understanding that the lessons were to be *said*, not *sung*. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment, several of the scholars had attended a class taught by James Hambleton in this place, and although they commenced very demurely, *saying* the names of the States and their Capitals &c., the class very soon found themselves in the condition of the boy, who, in reply to a *reproof from his teacher* for whistling in school, said *it whistled itself*, and they were soon giving their geographical knowledge to the tune of "Old Dan Tucker." Whether the system will be abandoned, or what will be the probable result we have not heard conjectured, though we understand the Friends are much chagrined by the failure of their experiment. Some of the boys appear to think it hard that they cannot be permitted to sing lessons in *school*, when they aver that one of their preachers sings in *meeting* quite as much every time he preaches.

To Correspondents.

G. B. He should not have taxed us with the postage. He owes from No. 150—60 cents.

W. P. Thanks for the individual manifestation of interest. Will do what we can, but fear for the result. Are not aware that the article mentioned has been published in pamphlet form.

C. R. C. We wrote her a long time ago—did not the letter reach her?

B. M. C. Hope to see her here within two or three weeks.

From the Pa. Freeman.

The Quakers and the Election.

We understand that the Orthodox Quakers generally, and a great proportion of the members of the Hicksite division, voted for Brigadier General Zackary Taylor, of the United States army; the chief hero of the Mexican war, the officer by whose advice the United States army was ordered from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande; and the war with Mexico begun—by whose advice and urgent request, bloodhounds were imported into Florida to hunt the Indians; the Louisiana slaveholder and slave-buyer; the chosen instrument of the slave-holders to preserve and extend slavery; as their candidate for the presidency. These peaceful followers of George Fox and William Penn, the men who canonize John Woolman, Edward Burroughs, Anthony Benezet and Warner Mifflin, have publicly declared themselves fitly represented by the warrior of Buena Vista, and Louisiana slaveholder, whose only experience is in the discipline of the slave plantation, and the art of human slaughter, and whose only laurels are stained with human blood. Yet these men have "testimonies" against slavery and war and military preparations, and the bearing of arms, and so rigid are they, that a member of their society lays himself liable to discipline and expulsion, for either performing military service or paying a military fine, though non-payment would subject him to great pecuniary loss. No excuses of policy or apparent advantage will justify, in their eyes, either of these violations of principle. Are they too blind to see how they are thus sowing tares in their own wheat-field, encouraging the martial spirit and admiration for the achievments of the warrior, and thus more than neutralizing all their pacific lessons, and making slaveholding a reputable business instead of an odious crime, and thus encouraging the slaveholder, and offering a bounty for others to imitate his tyranny?

While they exalt the slave-holder and slave-buyer to highest political honors, and bestow the richest rewards upon military exploits, of what worth are all their sermons and "testimonies" and "queries!" Men get their impressions of truth and virtue more from practical examples than from theoretical instructions, and no words of peace or freedom can prevent the fatal influence of this practical commendation of war and slavery. It is worse than destroying with one hand what is reared by the other; it not only sweeps away the good their own hands had constructed, but tears up the very foundation on which others might build. It disturbs all faith in moral principle.

It is not alone that the warrior and tyrant is successful, and secures the highest pinnacle of political ambition, but his supporters will of course, attempt a defense of their own action, in which they must apologize for the blackest crimes of the age, and eulogize their perpetrator as a paragon of virtue and manly excellence. We cannot imagine action and teaching more directly demoralizing to those who practice and to those who witness it.—While the wise and accomplished statesman, and the true patriot and philanthropist, are left in obscurity, the bloody warrior and petty despot, is elevated to supreme power, and covered with fulsome praise. While the advocates of political reforms, for freedom and brotherly love, are spurned and repulsed, the man-slayer and man-enslaver, is welcomed and glorified.

From avowed fighters and pro-slavery men, we expect nothing better, but the evil in this case is greatly aggravated by the moral standing, respectability, and high professions of those who engage in it. They may rejoice for their success as Whigs, but they may mourn for their shameful defeat as Friends. They may secure a financial policy which will increase their wealth, and give an impetus to the greedy scramble of trade, but it is at a fearful cost to morality and pure religion, by a sad violence to our hearts. It would be easy for any one to see how the election of a notorious counterfeiter or burglar, (whose only fame was from success in his crimes,) to the Presidency, must demoralize the nation, and promote not only the peculiar crimes he had practised, but all forms of vice and wickedness. Why is it less apparent in this case? The political economist may mourn for the election of ignorant and incompetent rulers, but it is a trifling evil, compared to the election of immoral ones. The moral bearings of an election, are always more important than its economical, and it is greatly to be regretted, that this truth is so seldom heeded. The Quakers were once foremost in their perception of it, and in their practical fidelity to Christian morality; but "how has the fine gold become dim?" "How is the faithful city become a harlot? Righteousness lodged in it, but now murderers."

Beside those fundamental "testimonies" of the Society, its leading and influential members are free and constant in their counsel for "Friends" to avoid all "mixtures" with men of other sects in moral reforms and benevolent societies, lest their peculiar principles and customs should be worn away by the contract. "Israel must dwell alone," lest by going abroad into society, they fall into the idolatries of surrounding tribes, and forget their own faith and worship. This may seem at first glance to manifest but little confidence in their own principles or virtue, and to be but a poor preparative for the temptations and seductive allurements which they are all liable to encounter, spite of their monastic precautions. Yet however poor the compliment these "Fathers in Israel" pay to their children, when they would sentence them to close confinement in a sectarian penitentiary, as the only way to preserve their integrity, it seems *just*, if we may judge by their abandonment of *principle*, when once let loose for a political holiday. We wonder not that after the scenes of an election day, like that just passed, they should dread the effect of "mixtures" upon "Friends;" though they greatly mistake in expecting a similar effect from the association to which we invite them, namely, with the good and benevolent and pure of all sects and classes in humane and needful reforms. Were we to ask them to unite with the vulgar, the obscene, the profane, the violent, the selfish, the dishonest, the impure and profligate, in a grand scramble for political victory—not to honor integrity, virtue, philanthropy, or real merit of any kind, but to exalt a warrior for his deeds of blood—we might deserve the coldness or opposition which we so often experience from influential Friends, when we come as the advocates of the great Christian reform of the age; but from recent developments we fancy we should find a more cordial welcome and greater success.

We might allude to Quaker antipathies to "hireling preachers," and ask whether "hireling" soldiers and warriors were more acceptable to them? but we will not pursue the subject further. We think the Quaker volunteers in this recent campaign under General Taylor ("Friend Zachariah") might with great propriety don the epaulettes and military trappings, and swing the slave-driver's cart-whip, and imitate his "plainness of speech" at Buena Vista, that the "unity" might be complete between themselves and their candidate. Their inconsistency is too apparent not to disgrace them in the eyes of the world.

They expose themselves peculiarly to reproach from the defeated party and other men whose political partialities do not blind their eyes; and even the political gamblers they have aided, and who flatter and praise them, we believe, see the flat contradiction between their principles and action; and while glad for such respectable support in their own unprincipled manœuvers for success, they will secretly laugh at the gullibility and easy virtue of their Quaker allies.

Instead of winning the reverence of their slanderers and persecutors, as did their fathers, these Taylorite Friends are exposing their principles to scorn and themselves to ridicule.

We are glad to acknowledge that a remnant is left in that Society, who have stood firm against the political current, and kept their faith in the midst of the general defection. Few in numbers, they are mighty in moral power. In the name of the slave and humanity, we thank and honor them, though in their consciousness of right, they have a happiness higher than any praise can give them.

American Politics separated from Moral Law.

BY REV. DR. BUSHNELL.

It is remarkable that the moral sense of the country is so dulled, in reference to every thing that can be called politics—moral distinctions are so far subordinated to the power of party discipline—that almost no effect is produced by the agitation on one side, or the just reprobation it meets on the other. A most melancholy and frightful evidence of the extent to which American politics have become separated from the law of God and the control of moral principle!

We are guilty as a nation of the most glaring wrongs, and if there be a just God, we have reason to tremble for His judgments. We are ceasing as a nation to have any conscience about public matters. Even good men and Christians, which is the most deplorable of all, are suffering an allegiance to party rule which effectually demolishes their personality under the claims of principle, learning quietly to approve and passively to follow in whatsoever path their party leads. The fear of God is perishing. The impulse of political adventure bears down other and better impulses. Numbers and force are the instruments, success the test, of all public measures, and the amazing interests of our great country, if we do not retrace our steps, are soon to lie at the mercy of irresponsible will, instigated by a rapacity for office and power, which constitutions or bonds of order cannot long restrain.

The neglect of the pulpit to assert the dominion of moral principle over all we do as citizens, has hastened and aggravated the evil I complain of. The false notion has taken possession extensively of the public mind, and received the practical assent of the ministers of religion themselves, that they must not meddle with politics. Nothing is made of the obvious distinction between the moral principles of politics, and those questions of election and of state policy which are to be decided by our moral tests. It is the solemn duty of the ministers of religion to make their people feel the presence of God's law every where—and especially here, where so many of the dearest interests of life, nay, the interests of virtue and religion, are themselves at stake. This is the manner of the Bible.—There is no one subject on which it is more full and abundant than it is in reference to the moral duty of rulers and citizens. Command, reproof, warning, denunciation—every instrument is applied to keep them under a sense of obligation to God. Some of the ministers of religion, I am afraid, want the courage to discharge their whole duty in this matter. Their position between two fiery and impetuous torrents of party feeling is often one, I know, of great weakness, and they need to consider, when they put on their armor, whether they can meet alone one that cometh against them with twenty thousand. But it cannot be necessary that the duties of the ministry in this field should be totally neglected, as they have been in many places hitherto, or, if it be, we may well despair of our country.

Party discipline is so strong and peremptory among us, that moral considerations and restraints are overborne by it. Men are always irresponsible when they act in masses. Conscience belongs to the individual, and when all individuality is lost, conscience is lost too. I do not complain that we have parties. It may be difficult to devise any means by which it could be avoided. But, in the name of God did all that is sacred, I protest against the doctrine that every man shall do what his party appoints, and justify what his party does. It is the worst form of papacy ever invented. And how dreadfully evident is it that the party discipline of our country, irresponsible as it is and must be, sweeps like a maelstrom round the personality of our people, engulphing men and churches in its dismal vortex. Few men have the nerve to resist it. Their scruples are overruled, they are convinced against their reason, the spirit of the multitude expels the spirit of God—it is their duty—their party is most assuredly to be the salvation of the country—the voices of the multitude and the chief priests prevail, and Christ is crucified!

The preponderant influence of slavery in the institutions of our country is a powerful cause of the result we are deploring. With a population inferior to that of the free States, and rapidly increasing, it is yet demonstrable that Slavery has hitherto borne rule in the nation. I saw, but a few days ago, a table of the Presidents and all the chief officers of State in our country, since the adoption of the Constitution, showing that in the highest grades of office, at least five-sixths of the incumbents have been from the slaveholding States! I laid the record down with feelings of indignation, shame and grief, that I cannot find words to express—indignation that the lordship of slavery has assisted so effectually the lordship of office—shame that we have suffered it to be so—grief at the discovery that slavery is the characteristic and dominant power of our country. It was no relief to remember that Virginia, the breeder of slaves, a distinction at once cruel and infamous, has also been the chief breeder of Presidents—as little that the great slave market of the nation is the nation's capital—as little, nay, less, that northern leaders have there conspired, for so many years, to stifle the prayer of freedom in the halls consecrated to equal rights and human liberty. O, my country! hang thy head and blush over this desecrated name!—a name which thou hast emblazoned before mankind, but hast made a fiction at home, in thy republican slavedom!

Slavery being thus predominant in the politics of our country, they have grown as irresponsible, as destitute of conscience, and remote from the fear of God, as slavery would require. The moral deterioration of which I have complained here at the North, has been visibly due, in no small degree, to the assimilating power of a southern influence. Slavery, as such, has no principle—it loosens all the evil passions of human nature. Its law is human will. The style of southern politics has accordingly been signalized by irresponsibility from the first. And the South has been steadily travelling northward, bringing its license with it; expelling the ancient time when merit reigned among us, and making us familiar with the lawless spirit of political adventure and rapacity. Our evil communications have corrupted good manners, till now, the separation of politics from the fear of God and the constraints of moral obligation is becoming national in our people.

COVERLET AND INGRAIN CARPET WEAVING.

The subscriber, thankful for past favours conferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he still continues in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carpet business.

Directions.—For double coverlets spin the woollen yarn at least 12 cuts to the pound, double and twist 33 cuts, coloring 8 of it red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other *two colors*; double and twist of No. 5 cotton, 30 cuts for chain. He has two machines to weave the half-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double and twisted woollen, and 18 cuts of No. 9 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotton yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and 8 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain—17 cuts of double and twisted woollen, and one pound single white cotton for filling.—For those two machines spin the woollen yarn nine or ten cuts to the pound.

Plain and figured table linen, &c. woven.

ROBERT HINSHILLWOOD,
Green street, Salem.

June 16th, 1848. 6m—149

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Peltons splendid outline Maps, Baldwin's pronouncing Geographical Gazeteer, and "Naylor's system of teaching Geography," for sale by J. Hambleton of this place. He is also prepared to give instruction to classes, or to individuals who wish to qualify themselves for teaching the science of Geography according to this new, superior, and (where tried) universally approved system. Address by letter or otherwise, Salem, Col., Co., O. Oct. 6th, 1848.

FRUIT TREES.

The proprietor has on hand a handsome lot of FRUIT TREES, comptising Apple, Pear, Peach, Plumb, and Cherry trees, and some Grape Vines and Ornamental Trees—all of which he will sell on reasonable terms at his residence in Goshen, Mahoning Co., 4½ miles north-west of Salem.

ZACHARIAH JENKINS, Jr.

August 11, 1848. tf

we not depend upon you, to do your part in complying with this request? The interests of our enterprise require it; and we hope and trust our friends will see to it that the thing is done. It may require some time and exertion, and subject you to considerable inconvenience, to do as we request, but it is only by sacrifice and incessant labor, that we can hope to carry our movement forward to its glorious triumph.

If, as we can scarcely suppose, you are unable to induce any one to subscribe, have you not a friend who would at least consent to read the paper, and would be benefitted by it? and could you not in such a case furnish him with it, and thus aid the paper, at the same time you place before your friend the means necessary to enlist his heart in the cause of freedom?

We have delayed our appeal until now, hoping that when the political excitement, which has swept over the land should subside, the work of extending the circulation of the Bugle would become comparatively easy.

Trusting that you will, with the least possible delay, respond to our appeal, we submit the matter to your consideration.

By direction of the Ex. Com.

JAMES BARNABY, PUB. AG'T.

nominated, it was not proper to support him. In the five towns refered to, Clay in 1844 received 2577 votes, and Birney 574. In 1848 the God-like Daniel talked Taylorism to them, and lo! the General polled 1731 votes, and Van Buren 3251. Who now will say that Webster gave "aid and comfort" to the blood-hound candidate?

to be democratic and *the* supporter of republican institutions; not one of them, we say, went into the recent contest with "*Immediate Emancipation to the Slave*" inscribed upon its banner, or embodied in its principles. Taylor, of course, with his three hundred slaves would utterly reject such a motto; Cass, with his hope of southern patron-

POETRY.

From Graham's Magazine.

The Battle of Life.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

There are countless fields, the green earth o'er,
Where the verdant turf has been dyed with gore;
Where hostile ranks, in their grim array,
With the battle's smoke have obscured the day;
Where hate was stamped on each rigid face,
As foe met foe in the death embrace;
Where the groans of the wounded and dying rose—
Till the heart of the listener with horror froze,
And the wide expanse of crimsoned plain
Was piled with heaps of uncounted slain—
But a fiercer combat, a deadlier strife,
Is that which is waged in the Battle of Life.

The hero that wars on the tented field,
With his shining sword and his burnished shield,
Goes not alone with his faithful brand;
Friends and comrades around him stand,
The trumpets sound and the war-steeds neigh
To join in the shock of the coming fray;
And he flies to the onset, he charges the foe,
Where the bayonets gleam and the red tides flow,
And he bears his part in that conflict dire
With an arm all nerve and a heart all fire.

What though he fall? At the battle's close,
In the flush of the victory won, he goes
With martial music—and waving plume—
From a field of fame—to a laureled tomb!
But the hero that wars in the Battle of Life
Must stand alone in the fearful strife;
Alone in his weakness or strength must go,
Hero or coward, to meet the foe;
He may not fly; on that fated field
He must win or lose, he must conquer or yield.

Warrior—who com'st to this battle now,
With a careless step and a thoughtless brow,
As if the day were already won—
Pause, and gird all thy armor on!
Dost thou bring with thee hither a dauntless will—
An ardent soul that no fear can chill—
Thy shield of faith hast thou tried and proved—
Canst thou say to the mountain "be thou moved"—
In thy hand does the sword of Truth flame bright—
Is thy banner inscribed—"For God and the Right"—
In the might of prayer dost thou wrestle and plead?
Never had warrior greater need!

Unseen foes in thy pathway hide,
Thou art encompassed on every side,
There Pleasure waits with her syren train,
Her poison flowers and her hidden chain;
Flattery courts with her hollow smiles,
Passion with silvery tone beguiles,
Love and Friendship their charmed spells weave;
Trust not too deeply—they may deceive!
Hope with her Dead Sea fruits is there,
Sin is spreading her gilded snare,
Disease with a ruthless hand would smite,
And Care spread o'er thee her withering blight.
Hate and Envy, with visage black,
And the serpent Slander, are on thy track;
Falsehood and Guilt, Remorse and Pride,
Doubt and Despair, in thy pathway glide;
Haggard Want, in her demon joy,
Waits to degrade thee and then destroy;
And Death, the insatiate, is hovering near,
To snatch from thy grasp all thou holdest dear.

In war with these phantoms that gird thee round,
No limbs dissevered may strew the ground;
No blood may flow, and no mortal ear
The groans of the wounded heart may hear,
As it struggles and writhes in their dread control,
As the iron enters the riven soul.
But the youthful form grows wasted and weak,
And sunken and wan is the rounded cheek,
The brow is furrowed, but not with years,
The eye is dimmed with its secret tears,
And streaked with white is the raven hair;
These are the tokens of conflict there.

The battle is ended; the hero goes
Worn and scarred to his last repose.
He has won the day, he conquered doom,
He has sunk unknown to his nameless tomb.
For the victor's glory, no voice may plead,
Fame has no echo and earth no need.
But the guardian angels are hovering near,
They have watched unseen o'er the conflict here,
And they bear him now on their wings away,
To a realm of peace, to a cloudless day.
Ended now is his earthly strife,
And his brow is crowned with the Crown of Life!

The Disenthralled.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

He had bowed down to drunkenness,
An abject worshipper;
The pride of manhood's pulse had grown
Too faint and cold to stir;
And he had given his spirit up
Unto the useless thrall,
And bowing to the poisoned cup,
He gloried in his fall.

Then came a change—the cloud rolled off,
And light fell on his brain,
And like the passing of a dream
That cometh not again,
The shadow of the spirit fled—
He saw the gulf before—
He shuddered at the waste behind—
And was a man once more.

He shook the serpent folds away
That gathered round his heart,
As shakes the swaying forest oak
Its prison-vine apart;
He stood erect—returning pride
Grew terrible within,
And conscience sat in judgment on
His most familiar sin.

The light of INTELLECT again
Along his pathway shone—
And reason like a monarch sat
Upon his golden throne.
The honored and the wise once more
Within his presence came—
And lingered oft on lovely lips,
His once forbidden name.

There may be glory in the might
That treadeth nations down,
Wreaths for the crimson conqueror,
Pride for the kingly crown;
But nobler is that triumph hour,
The disenthralled shall find,
While evil passion boweth down
Unto the God-like mind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence of the N. O. Crescent.

John Van Buren---The New York Free Soilers.

NEW YORK, Tuesday, Oct. 10.

EDS. CRESCENT:—Last evening, by dint of an early appearance on the ground, and waiting resolutely amid those annoyances and common-places that fill up the first hour of a "mass meeting," I got a first rate view and hearing of John Van Buren—saw him in the strong glare of a thousand fire work lights, and heard every word that he uttered. This was my best sight yet of Prince John; and I tugged the matter through on purpose to give your good "Crescent" a full description of the great Barnburner. As to the meeting (it was on the old spot, in the Park,) it was one of the big ones. Standing on the *front steps of the city Hall* the most vitreous of moonlight bathing the whole scene, I stretched my eyes in vain to mark the confines of the mighty crowd. Lord, what a lovely night it was, though! And the great roar of Broadway and Chatham street—the dark and dim trees of the Park—long row of *printers'* lights in the top stories from Tammany Hall to Spruce street; know you not those features from your own remembrance? Surely you do.

The personal appearance of Van Buren would hardly warrant one in expecting from him any high evidences of intellectuality.—His complexion is light; hair ditto; full and placid blue eye, frame tall enough and stout enough, and with an evidence of youthful freshness and vigor that would attract nineteen women's eyes out of twenty:

"You may look from east to west,
And then from north to south,
And never find an ampler breast,
Never an ampler mouth;
A softer tone for lady's ear,
A daintier lip for syrup,
Or a ruder grasp for an axe or spear,
Or a firmer foot for stirrup."—*Praed.*

With his pink color, rather expressionless visage, and no earthly means of telling from his manner what tack he is going to take, John Van Buren gets small good from any earliest impressions on his audience. The matter is not mended either by the quality of his voice, which, neither deep nor sonorous, strikes you at first like the chromatic notes after hearing regular ones.

But the voice reaches and pierces clearly to a remarkable distance in the largest and most noisy assembly. Mr. Van Buren has probably systematised his pitch of voice on acoustic principles, and from close experiment and practice. Nor would it be unprofitable for public speakers generally to follow his example; for some of the loudest and showiest speakers can neither be heard distinctly by those near them or the rest at a distance. Not so with Mr. Van Buren. You have the comfort of losing not a word—not the inflexion of a syllable even. By-and-by, too, the voice becomes more agreeable, and you find it inimitably fitted to the dry and crispy humor that makes so large a portion of his address.

The fire of oratory, as we are accustomed to picture it to our minds in the historical exemplars of that divine art—the sweeping train of regal ornament—the impassioned appeal—graceful and dignified gestures—such a grand temper and port as we could identify with Cicero, or such lightning breath as in Demosthenes, or such molten scorn and persuasion as in Patrick Henry, or Clay in his best days—all or either of these, in any excellence,—Mr. Van Buren does not possess. His manner on the contrary, is serene and smooth not like the ponderous smoothness of Silas Wright that carried with it the signs of depth that common plummet hardly could sound; but a calm complacency more like that of an indifferent, heedless child. He uses very little gesture; when he bends down it is almost a sure thing that he gives one of those sarcastic bits of humor that cuts to the very hearts of his victims. And yet all seems done in good humor. There is not a particle of malignance or spite. I question indeed, whether any of John Van Buren's speeches show a jot of those qualities. Honored be he, for this, at any rate! We have too much, among our politicians, of personal bitterness, and its exposure in their public proceedings. Even those at whose expense he launches his jokes, may generally laugh with the rest.

If I were asked to give the leading peculiarities of Mr. Van Buren's style and manner, I should say they were condensation clearness and wit. He often presents no very new arguments; but he invariably presents them in new and clearer light—so clear indeed, that they come upon your mind like an explained promblem in mathematics.—This is assisted by his slow and deliberate manner; no hurry, no feverish pushing forward, but every thing in its due order. The difference between him and other speakers is a good deal like the difference between a man working by the day and another working by the job. John Van Buren never tired an audience in his life, I am sure; and never worried them by his rapidity. His wit is of the purest in the world. It would extort a laugh from the most morose anchorite.—Nothing artificial, nothing strained; but it comes into the body of his remarks apparently just as much a matter of course as the prepositions and conjunctions. No words can describe the droll way in which he now and then turns off a sentence on some of his opponents—thousands meanwhile shaking with laughter, foes as well as friends. He possesses that rare faculty of appearing perfectly unconscious of his own wit; he never utters the point of a joke with an air that seems to demand, "Isn't that a good one?" While others laugh, he is cool, dry and caustic, changing not a muscle, and not a put on gravity, either.

Perhaps some free and easy spectator takes advantage of his right of "free speech," to utter a criticism or a question. He never does it a second time, however. Mr. Van Buren seizes upon the interlopation, and turns the laugh so totally upon the offerer of it, that he is fain to clinch his tongue in his teeth for the rest of the evening. His sarcasm has no venom, however, it is the edge of the keenest razor, not the tooth of the snake. It cuts so clean and clear, that you wonder for a moment whether there be any cut at all. Polished and vulgar, educated and ignorant, alike appreciate John Van Buren, his logic and his aim. There is a charming *abandon* about him; you are fully convicted that there are no hidden motives, no finesse, no clap-trap or mean selfishness, behind what he has arrayed before you. Right or wrong, whatever the man and his mind may be, *there they are*, without any tricks of curtaining or shading.

You have doubtless wondered that such a man as Martin Van Buren should have such a son as Master John. Well, I have had the same wonder. For John has utterly thrown overboard and set at defiance all the old rules and observances among professional politicians. The young men, here, would almost lay down their lives for him. He will prove the type of a thousand, before ten years are past. He will, in all likelihood start a newer and better school of political speech-making which heaven help forward! The turgid and flippant manner, the senseless and stale matter of the whig and democratic spouters, of late years, has grown vile beyond endurance!

Newspaper reports of Mr. Van Buren's addresses, unless they are strictly verbatim, contain but a faint copy of his wit. The latter consists generally in the turn of a sentence, conveying a contrast or an image so irresistibly comic—so Hogarthian—that you cannot for your life help laughing. It is not the broad humor of puns and distortions; it is fine and diffused. It is not farce, but the highest and most intellectual comedy. It is not an idear, one of whose parts is very funny; it is the *whole* idea so ludicrous. It is not a dashy stroke of color in the picture, making a novel effect; it is the general color pervading the whole work.

In England such a man as John Van Buren would command any gift the government had to bestow. Perhaps it is not that his aid would be invaluable; but that his enmity would have to be bought off at any price. He could do more than argue down the First Lord of the Treasury and his measures—he could make him and them ridiculous. If I were a near friend of the President, I wouldn't have John Van Buren in the opposition, and in Congress, for the Presidential salary.—Randolph's attack had so much accordity that there was a rebound after them, but where, in a different and purer vain, John Van Buren's lampooning paint has once touched; there remains such an appearance of the preposterous in him whose garments wear the mark, that neither high station nor erasive soap will ever get it out.

Some of the papers will probably furnish you, if you have a curiosity of seeing them, a tolerable report of Mr. Van Buren's remarks of last evening; a correct report, as I have said, is almost out of the question. The sentiments of the Radical leader, here, however, are not likely to be preserved long, as he gives them in these addresses. They are for listening audiences, not for the pages of books. They will not be preserved. His merit is, in some sort, more the actor's merit than any other. Whether the sentiments will tell in future upon the action of government, time will show.

Will you allow me, (I am sure you will) to say one word of justice to the New York Free Soilers, for publication in a region where their movements are too often unfairly represented. Not a breath, not a thought, of unfriendliness, exists in the Van Buren Party of New York, toward the South, or Southern men. From what I have heard and seen, I believe the fraternal bond of union and good will, from this section towards the South—toward Louisiana and Texas in an especial manner—holds its brightness and its warmth unabated. At this very moment should danger or wrong threaten any of the Southern States, or any general harm to life or property, thousands of those great masses who form the Van Buren phalanx here, would rush to your aid and fear neither for comfort or life in giving it, as brother would give aid to brother. If I know anything of my native State and her people (and I have lately had an opportunity of observing them nearly all) the general heart holds this faith and love towards the South, with as true and steady a truth as human nature can know.—But the democracy of New York believe in the great principle promulgated at Buffalo; and the democracy of New York were virtually excluded from the Baltimore Convention. While they live, they will adhere to that principle; nor will they submit to any injury from other portions of their party.—Let a few years hence decide the right or wrong of the dispute; they are content to leave it so.

Certain persons, either in error themselves or from the worst of motives, are in the habit of painting the Van Buren party of the North as identified with "Abolitionists." A greater or grosser untruth was never written.—Nearly every document emanating from the Free Soilers, recognizes the well understood constitutional guaranty, that over all subjects not expressly reserved to the General Government, States, whether they be North or South, have sovereign jurisdiction within their own limits. Of the remainder of the points at issue, I presume you do not desire any labored disquisition. Common justice, however, demands that no one in the South should charge the Radicals of New York with enmity towards their Southern fellow countrymen, as no one will make that charge who *knows* New York. As to any danger, from this at present warmly conducted dispute, to our Republican Union, we laugh at the idea to scorn! The acorn has not yet germinated, whose product oak shall be ruffled by winds that howl the tidings of her dissolution. The man is mad, or worse, who talks of it, in the same hour with his talk of events either probable or to be endured.

MANHATTAN.

Origin of Wars.

The history of every war is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools met one fine day upon the ice. They eyed each other with rather jealous and indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow. "What are ye glowrin' at, Billy?" "What's that to you? I'll look where I have a mind, an' hinder me if you dare." A hearty blow was the return to this, and then such a battle began. It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice; and the fight instantly became general and desperate. I asked one of the party what they were pelting the others for? What they had done to them? "O, neathing at a'man; we just want to gie them a good thrashin'." After fighting till they were quite exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between, covered with blood, and also clothes in tatters, and addressed the belligerent parties thus:—"Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye, if ye'll let us alane, we'll let ye alane." There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play. I thought at the time, and have often thought since, that their trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general that I have ever seen. Kings and ministers of State are just a set of grown up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out the needless quarrels that they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, send out their innocent, servile subjects to battle, and then, after a waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boys' conditions—"if ye'll let us alone, we'll let you alone."—*The Ettrick Shepherds Lay Sermons.*

From Hunt's Merchant's Magazine

Trials and Triumphs of American Genius in England.

Those who have read the narrative of the sufferings of ragged and hungry Genius, as told by the sufferers themselves in Johnson's Life of Savage and in Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, will listen to the following letter, addressed to a distinguished gentleman in this country, a chapter of autobiography, with like interest; for, like those narratives, it not only describes the trials, but is written, also, with the energetic pen of Genius.

The writer is Mr. J. R. Remington, a young man, a Virginian by birth. After residing for a while in Alabama, a few years since he went to Washington, and exhibited the models and drawings of several ingenious and (as they have since proved) valuable mechanical inventions of his own. At Washington he made little headway. One of his inventions was a bridge, constructed on a novel principle, or rather a principle newly applied, and by which bridges of timber of great length can be thrown across rivers and wide railroad cuts without intermediate support. People looked and admired; but somehow, although they saw much that was strikingly original, they could not see how the contrivances were to be made practically useful. Fulton's first steamboat drew crowds of such admirers round it when it was on the stocks.

Mr. Remington was not discouraged. We are sometimes apt to look upon the mechanical and mathematical turn of mind as naturally dry, crabbed and cold. Yet there can be no doubt (and a multitude of brilliant examples of late years, attest the fact) that the great mechanical inventor is borne up by as much of the "ardor of confident genius," the "evidence of things not seen," and feels as sensibly "the substance of things hoped for," as the great poet, or any of those whom we are more apt to class among geniuses of more exalted mood. The source of the mistake seems to be the very excess of imagination in him, and the lack of it in us; while we, having eyes, see not the end, but the means only, he is looking at the end; while we think of the dull machinery and the uncouth figures with which he works, his thoughts are running forwards and soaring upwards to his results worked out, complete.

Mr. Remington went to England, arriving in London early in January, 1847. He went, to use his striking language, in "search of a man;" like the old philosopher, he sought but one mind capable of sympathetic appreciation. He carried with him his plans, a teeming brain, a letter of introduction, and an empty purse.

The story of Mr. Remington's success has been told by the lips of others, as was most meet; we leave it to himself to describe his struggles and probation. His letter would be marred by any attempt on our part to add or amplify.

STAFFORD, STAFFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND, August 15, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I should have written sooner, but that I had nothing pleasant to say. I reached London on the 1st of January, 1847, without money or friends, which was just the thing I desired when I left America, and just the thing, I assure you, I will never desire again. I commenced operations at once, on the supposition that, in this overgrown city, I would at least enlist one man. But Englishmen are not Americans. An Englishman will advance any amount on an absolute certainty, but not one penny where there is the slightest risk, if he got the whole world by it. I spent the first five months looking after this man with unparalleled perseverance and industry, living for less than three pence per day. I am convinced that few persons in London know so much of that incomprehensibly large city as myself. But alas! my wardrobe was gone to supply me with wretchedly baked corn bread, on which I lived entirely. I slept on straw, for which I paid a half penny per night. I became ragged and filthy, and could no longer go among men of business. Up to this time my spirits never sunk, nor did they then; but my sufferings were great. My limbs distorted with rheumatism, induced by cold and exposure—my face and head swelled to a most unnatural size with cold and toothache, and those who slept in the same horrid den as myself were wretched street beggars, the very cleanest of them alive with all manner of creeping things. But I was no beggar.—I never begged, nor ever asked a favor of any man since I came to England. Ask George Bancroft, who called upon me two or three times, if I ever asked the slightest favor, or even presumed upon the letter you gave me to him. I did write him a note, asking him to come and witness the triumph of opening the bridge at the Gardens, and delivered the note at his own house myself; and although Prince Albert came, I never got even a reply to my note. If Bancroft had come, and been the man to have only recognized me in my rags as I was, it would have saved me much suffering. I will not believe that Bancroft ever saw my note, for his deportment to me was ever kind.

The succeeding three months after the first five I will not detail, up to the time I commenced to build the bridge. I will not harrow up my feelings to write, nor pain your kind heart to read the incidents of those ninety days. My head turned grey, and I must have died but for the Jews, who did give me one shilling down for my acknowledgement of £10 on demand. These wicked robberies amounted to several hundred pounds, every penny of which I had to pay subsequently; for, since my success at Stafford, not a man in England who can read, but knows my address. It cost me £10 to obtain the shilling with which I paid my admittance into the Royal Zoological Gardens, where I succeeded, after much mortification, in getting a ghost of the model made for the bridge. The model, although a bad one, astonished everybody. Every engineer of celebrity in London was called in to decide whether it was practicable to throw it across the lake. Four or five of them at the final decision, declared that the model before them was passing strange, but that it could not be carried to a much greater length than the length of the model. This was the point of *life* or *death* with *me*. I was standing amidst men of the supposed greatest talent as civil engineers that the world could produce, and the point decided against me!—This one time alone were my whole energies ever aroused. I never talked before—I was haggard and faint for the want of food—my spirits sunk in sorrow in view of my mournful prospects—clothes I had none—yet, standing over this model, did I battle with those men. Every word I uttered came from my inmost soul, and was big with truth—every argument carried conviction. The effect on those men was like magic—indeed, they must have been devils not to have believed under the circumstances. *I succeeded.* My agreement with the proprietor was, that I should superintend the construction of the bridge without any pay whatever, but during the time of the building I might sleep in the Gardens, and if the bridge should succeed, it should be called "Remington's Bridge." I lodged in an old *lion's cage*, not strong enough for a lion, but by putting some straw on the floor, held me very well, and indeed was a greater luxury than I had had for many months. The carpenters that worked on the bridge sometimes gave me part of their dinner. On this I lived, and was comparatively happy. It was a little novel, however, to see a man in rags directing gentlemanly looking head carpenters. The bridge triumphed, and the cost was £8, and was the greatest hit ever made in London. The money made by it is astonishingly great, thousands and tens of thousands crossing it, paying toll, besides being the great attraction of the Gardens. Not a publication in London but what has written largely upon it. Although I have never received a penny, nor never will, for building the bridge, I have no fault to find with Mr. Tyler, the proprietor, for he has done all that he promised to do—that was, to call it "Remington's Bridge." The largest wood-cut ever made perhaps in the world, is made of the bridge. Every letter of my name is nearly as large as myself. The bridge to this day is the prominent curiosity of the Gardens. You can't open a paper but you may find "Remington's Bridge." Soon after it was built, I have frequently seen hundreds of men looking at the large picture of the bridge at the corners of the streets and envying Remington, when I have stood unknown in the crowd, literally starving. However, the great success of the bridge gave me some credit with a tailor. I got a suit of clothes, and some shirts—a clean shirt. Any shirt was great, but a clean shirt—O God, what a luxury! Thousands of cards were left for me at the Gardens, and men came to see the bridge from all parts of the kingdom. But with all my due bills in the hands of the hell-born Jews, of course I had to slope, and came down to Stafford. I first built the mill, which is the most popular patent ever taken out in England. The coffee pot, and many other small patents, take exceedingly well. The drainage of Tixall Meadows is the greatest triumph I have yet had in England. The carriage bridge for Earl Talbot is a most majestic and wonderfully beautiful thing.—Dukes, marquesses, earls, lords, &c., and their ladies are coming to see it from all parts. I have now more orders for bridges from the aristocracy than I can execute in ten years, if I would do them. Indeed, I have been so much among the aristocracy of late, that what with high living, being so sudden a transition from starving, I have been compelled to go through a course of medicine, and am just now convalescent.—Of course, any thing once built precludes the possibility of taking a patent in England, but its merits and value are beyond all calculation. A permanent, beautiful and steady bridge may be thrown across a river half a mile wide, out of the reach of floods, and without anything touching the water, at the most inconsiderable expense. The American patent is well secured at home, I know. I shall continue to build a few more bridges of larger and larger spans, and one of these a railroad bridge, in order that I may perfect myself in them so as to commence fair when I reach America. I have a great many more accounts of my exploits since I came to Stafford, but must defer sending them until next time. I beg you will write me, for now, since a correspondence has opened, I shall be able to tell you something about England. I know it well. I have dined with earls, and from that down—down—down—down, to where the knives and forks and plates are chained to the table for fear they should be stolen.

I am, my dear sir,
your obd't servant,
J. R. REMINGTON.

Diving Pigs.

The changes in the physical character of animals consequent upon the change of situation, as described in various works on Natural History, are well calculated to excite surprise, as well as a disposition to further investigation. It is well known that fish and crabs found in the water of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, are without eyes—there being no use for such organs in the dark regions they inhabit. The English hounds brought to Mexico by the miners from that country, for the purpose of hunting hares, were rendered useless by the fact that they were unable to run any length of time in the rarified atmosphere of the high mountain ranges—but their progeny have all the capabilities of the native dog.

The diving pigs which exist in the interior of Pennsylvania are remarkable. The town of Pottsville is situated at the point where the Norwegian creek empties into the river Schuylkill. The creek is a rapid stream, but the river, where the creek enters, is rendered deep and sluggish by a dam below. The butchers of the town reside along the creek, and are in the habit of throwing offal into the stream, which is washed into the river. A large number of Irish laborers live near the river, keeping as is customary with them, many pigs. These obtain their subsistence chiefly by diving for the offal at the bottom of the river, here about ten feet deep. A particular race of pigs called "Divers" has been bred in the place, differing from others in the fact that they are web-footed, and are remarkable for their ability to dive and for the length of time they can remain under water. Their power in this way seems to increase with age. One male of two years of age was observed to remain under water more than thirty minutes. An ordinary pig is drowned in less than one minute, as ascertained by experiment. The peculiarities of the diving pigs are supposed to result from long practice, and physical change, transmitted from generation to generation. The reason why they remain so long under water is, that they may there devour their food which is in danger of being taken from them by other pigs which frequent the shore. The young of this amphibious breed take to the water with great alacrity at an early age, and soon learn to dive. Nor do they strike their throats with their fore-feet in swimming, as do others of the race, by which they not unfrequently destroy their lives. These singular facts relating to this peculiar breed of pigs shows in a striking manner the ability of nature to adapt herself to peculiar circumstances, and throws some light on the origin of the many varieties of the different species of animals.—*American Zoological Journal.*

WILSON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST.—The following is an extract from a letter written to a friend, by this amiable naturalist:

"One of my boys caught a mouse in school a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prize. I set about drawing it the same evening, and all the time the panting of its little heart showed the extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it into the claws of a stuffed owl; but happening to spill a drop of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked into my face with such an eye of supplicating terror as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at the moment the sweet sensations which mercy leaves on the mind, when she triumphs over cruelty."

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